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ALGIERS



H.W.

Walter Ross de Liza.



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ALGIERS



Watching the Produce of Algeria Depart

ALGIERS

BY
M. ELIZABETH CROUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ADELAIDE B. HYDE

A Star in the East



NEW YORK
JAMES POTT & COMPANY

1906



Watching the Progress of English Ships

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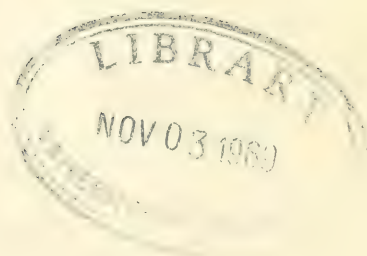
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To My Friend

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PREFACE

THE book is an attempt to express a first impression of the Orient, obtained during five months in Algiers. Since the notes were taken, the writer has been in Tunis, and has spent a winter in Egypt. In neither, it seems to her, does the Oriental life compare with that in Algeria, both for grace and beauty. Much, however, of that first impression has been made clear and understandable by comparison with Egypt and further study there, while the feeling most strengthened is that the book itself or some book on Algiers is called for.

The country is less generally familiar than other parts of the North African coast. Morocco has been written of—what could be so charming as De Amicis' record? Egypt has been often described and has been visited by those who have seen no other Eastern land.

But Morocco—and it may be added, Tunis—shows much which is repellant to us; and Egypt, while possessing the ancient interest, is not all the Orient, nor the best of it. The costumes of Tunis do not compare with those

PREFACE

of Algiers. And the rich coloring of Egypt, which combines so well with its yellow sands; the dark woodwork of the houses; the costumes, dark and less distinctive; the bronze faces of the Egyptian inhabitants; the burliness of the Tartar Turks; seem all less fine than the white Algerian buildings in their dense foliage, the white and distinctive costume, the white faces of Algiers. The writer rejoices now that her first experience of the Orient was had in the last named city. There, from the midst of every Western comfort, in surroundings of poetic beauty—the Moorish villas and gardens now belonging to Europeans—with all that is repulsive to Westerners in the Oriental life hidden from our eyes, we saw the white Orient in its most ideal aspect, its spiritual meaning.

Yet the political situation which revealed this Orient to us, may be its destruction ere long. Algiers is the already conquered center from which the French nation would spread our Western civilization into Tunis and Morocco. And this is the fact which gives Algeria a peculiar interest for the world to-day.

M. E. C.

GREENWICH, CONN.

September 22, 1905.

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The Fountain



IT was dawn on the hills outside Algiers. The night lights shone among the cypresses. A faint flush rose above the bay, which still held in its bosom the dream of the morning star. A breeze awoke; and the first bird-call broke the silence of the garden. It was a signal. I leaned from my window and listened to the message, watching through the wonderful transparency of dawn the old struggle between Darkness and Light. And it came into my mind how in the morning of the world men had called the Sun and the Earth but one man and one woman, separated and returning to each other; or had said that the Sun was a hero, who lost and recovered some boon. Dark, the condition of absence, was evil; Light was good.

Presently the gardener entered my garden, bringing the remembrance that in earliest days it had been sacred to help the Sun in his

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work. After a time the Earth veiled herself in a mist like a visible ideal. Then I, the watcher, knew, it is in a southern garden that the fountain of poetry, of youth and immortality is hid.

Omar-bin-Mohammed is the Genius of this land and of its gardens. He belongs among their rose-leaves, he, the Spirit of the East and of the Past. There is a silence and a mystery about him; the incense of his religion is the essence of his life. His love, with her child, he has hidden sacredly away, where labyrinths of beauty lead to inner courts, to flowers and bathing fountains. She must never appear unveiled; and he who draws aside the veil of his bride on her wedding night should never have beheld the face of any but his own. That is the secret and the romance of the Moorish dwelling.

Close in the trees on the hillsides nestle these white Moorish villas, overlooking the exquisite curve of the bay, which is full of changing colors. When one catches a glimpse of the hidden approaches, the cloud-like domes beneath their crescents, light arches springing from marble columns—and all fine openwork inlaid with tiling of brilliant colors—one realizes how fairy-lore and religion



Omar bin Mohammed

THE FOUNTAIN

itself came out of the East, the land of morning. The West should bring to the Truths, hidden in these generic dreams, the understanding of developed reason—should rediscover, and more clearly, what the East in visions dimly perceived. It is marvellous how the Orient remains unchanged through the centuries. Like a vision are the pale figures passing through the French streets; one may sometimes see a shepherd with a lamb in the folds of his white garment. The pages are constantly turned back for us to the beginning. Only a short journey and we enter the living Past and find the Tents of Abraham, and Rebecca at the Well—though the buildings of Egypt and of Rome are in ruins. So is interpreted for us that most wonderful book that ever was written, the oldest and therefore the most sacred, the record of a race's development told from within, the type-story, the heart-story of the world.

Beautiful Orient, thou art the land of the beginning. Thine is the star of revelation. Thine is the fountain of poetry in which the Past expressed its sense of the rhythm of the Universe; and by that rhythm the Present interprets the Dream!

WAVES

WAVES

TWO friends, we had come from America to Algiers, and had taken up our abode in a villa belonging to a hotel on the hill. Here we have read and watched, and have gone down into the life of the city and discovered the traces of what has been. For the Moorish life is passing, is now, in many of its beauteous shells, itself a dream which flits whitely through marble courts and arches where we are conscious of it. So we remember and learn.

Strange that this morning land of Algeria, this beautiful southern shore long ago overflowed by the East, should have been to our civilization as a twilight border, beyond which is the desert. There is no national story. It is not a country, but a land; yet a land which was rival and foil to Rome, and over which has swept the whole procession of history, the drama of religion, leaving a very present problem for the French. It is the secret of the charm of Algiers that no otherwhere do the East and the West so meet.

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It was far to come, but we deemed it true, as Irving says, that there is no such preparation for a new world as the blank of a long ocean voyage; especially if the new world be the old, and at the end of the journey one enters through the narrow gates of Gibraltar into that Sea-in-the-Heart-of-the-Land, on whose shores men woke to self-consciousness through learning to write, and history began.

Nowhere in life or story could one be more suddenly and bewilderingly presented with all the elements which make up the whole, than is the traveller to Algiers on his arrival in that city. Before he can set foot to shore Arabs and Berbers have swarmed over the steamer and blocked the passages; and when he has at last pushed by them, he ascends from the docks and passes along the Boulevard de la République, into the Place du Gouvernement, where he finds others congregated. Italians, Maltese, Spanish, French mingle with Moors and Arabs, Hebrews, Kabyles, Negroes and Mozabites from the desert.

But it is a French city which he finds—a second Paris. The arcaded Boulevard is built above the hidden warerooms and the arches of the ramparts, which completely conceal the wild cliffs that here border the



The ancient Inner Harbor of the Algerines

WAVES

bay, and that once formed a natural fortress behind which the old Moorish city rose to its own threatening Kasba on the hill. Like the closing prison-walls of the old story, the French city is rapidly closing upon and crushing out of existence the old El-Djezair. The terraced avenue looks down upon the harbor, one of the busiest harbors of France. The water-front is lined with piles of wine casks and cork. The railroad station is there. Every variety of vehicle, as well as flocks of donkeys, comes and goes on the graded ways which lead up beside the ramparts to the Boulevard. On the seaward side of the avenue is a heavy iron balustrade, and leaning along it, a line of the most varied figures imaginable.

At the end of the avenue is a snow-white Turkish mosque, which strikes at once the keynote of Algiers, and, among French buildings, forms a beautiful and unexpected finish to the long vista of the Boulevard. It takes up one side of the Place du Gouvernement, the focal point of the city: a square which occupies part of the site of the Djenina, the garden and palaces of the Deys. On the hill behind is the French cathedral; while the dome of the Jewish synagogue rises from the

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old town. Near this spot were once two Roman cemeteries, and from the square may be seen the remains of a Spanish fort and of a Turkish prison in the harbor.

Algeria is a great and unexhausted field for the archæologist; an interesting puzzle to the ethnologist—but what a living question for the French! The Place du Gouvernement is a bit of the ancient Babel, where all classes and all races meet; not only from the past—the stranded elements of the great waves which have swept this coast—but also from the present south of Europe.

The Moors, who with the Arabs form the chief portion of the population, are themselves a mixture of elements, and even their name is confusing. It is undoubtedly from *Mauri*, applied, long before the Arab invasion, to the first known inhabitants of Mauritania; who were also called by the Romans, like all foreigners, Berbers or Barbarians, from which name the Barbary States received their cognomen. When the great Arab invasion swept over this same Mauritania, the Spanish called those Arabs who entered their kingdom, Moors; and in those people at present known by that term the Arab blood predominates. The nearest equivalent to “Moor”

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among the Orientals themselves is the word "Hadar," signifying an Arab who lives in the town in distinction from one who adheres to the free life of his pure-blooded ancestors.

Though this shore has been cultivated since earliest times, the Hamitic Kabyles, the other large portion of the population, who are the original Berbers or Mauri, and who are said by ancient historians to be the exiled Canaanites; and the Semitic Arabs, who believe themselves the sons of Ishmael, and whose language is first cousin to the Hebrew, both retain the primitive, patriarchal dress and customs of the old scripture days. Yet they themselves, though having Moses and the prophets, have neither the Hebrew nor the Christian religion, but believe that Mohammed was a greater than Jesus. Nevertheless, the Kabyle women, not knowing why, make the sign of the cross over their babes when they first put them into swaddling clothes; and the girls have the cross tattooed on their foreheads. This, and the better position of the women among these people, are relics of a time when they were Christianized by the Romans. The very forms of the pottery which these women mould by hand, and which is sometimes so tasteful, are doubt-

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less a tradition of Roman and Punic art. These people possess also remnants of Roman law and Roman institutions. Theirs was an inaccessible mountain country; while others of their kin, now called Touaregs by the French, retained their independence in the desert. Thus they furnished a haven for the remnants of each race as it was threatened with extinction by successive invasions. Blue eyes and fair hair are now the only traces of refugees, the secret of whose origin died with them. Was it the presence of Aryan blood which has led recent authors quoted by a writer in *Harper's Magazine* to consider that the migration of our ancestors moved north from Africa?

Algeria, Mohammedan for a thousand years, but Christian in the days of the Romans, is again in the possession of a nation under the spiritual if not the temporal power of Rome; but with that power, in her own land and in Algeria, this nation has been lately contending.

Notwithstanding this fact, the French people are of Catholic Christianity, they are of Western civilization and Aryan blood; and have shown themselves intensely anti-Semitic, at least in regard to one branch of that race. The majority of the inhabitants of Algeria

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are Semitic Arabs and Moors, of the East and of the Mohammedan religion. The Turks, their masters preceding the French, though of Tartar blood and hated by the Semitic subjects, were also of an Oriental civilization and devotees of Islamism. The Jews, more cosmopolitan in civilization, are yet of Semitic blood and kindred language with the Arabs and have the early traditions which the Koran adopted; but they differ in the development of their religion and are the more bitterly disliked by the Arabs for their very nearness, while they are despised by the French. The Hamitic Kabyles are also Eastern and followers of Mohammed.

And the sum of it all is this: that the Western nation which is perhaps most practical of all; whose government is most strongly centralized, all its motives coming from Paris; whose justice seems most nearly absolute, treating Negro, Moor and Frenchman as equals; is in charge of a people whose laws and customs developed from their religion, whose religion itself, whose nature and conditions, make for them opposite standards by which to be judged, and unfit them for combination with their conquerors or for competition with Western civilization. Yet the West

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needs the East, from whence have come its dreams and aspirations. Will it be union of the two in Algeria?

The Place du Gouvernement is the heart of Algiers; Algiers is the centre from which the French wish to solve the problem of the North African coast, the coast which is the borderland of our civilization, the margin where history is being written. It is the significance of what has been done in Algiers which gives the place its interest, in view of the situation in Morocco. Possessing Algeria, France has long needed Morocco, the hotbed of her insurrections, the refuge of her insurrectionists. Neither Morocco nor Algeria has limited its extent into the desert; and the line between the two has never been defined in its southern part. An oasis far down in the Sahara is still a matter of dispute. Moreover, in the north, Morocco might dominate the Straits of Gibraltar more effectually than Gibraltar itself, because its source of supplies, its inexhaustible though undeveloped resources, are there at hand. France may well dream that with Algiers as a centre, with Morocco at one end and the strategic harbor of Bizerta in Tunis at the other, she will have brought about one of those rhythmic returns



The Place du Gouvernement the Heart of Algiers

WAVES

of history, and will have reconstructed for herself another Roman Empire.

However, if the French are anti-Semitic, the Moroccans are almost fanatically anti-French, with a stronger antagonism against this European nation than against any other. It is a curious fact that this Oriental people have had for long a legend that a French army would overrun Morocco and a French general would enter its most holy mosque—where, indeed, he would become converted.

In Algiers, in the Place du Gouvernement—once with its palace the centre of the city in another sense—one may already read accomplishment. But what is the meaning of the writing for the world? One must cross the threshold of the Past to comprehend.

We stand at the end of the French Boulevard, above the French shipping; and as we watch Mohammed leaning on the wall, it is the Present which fades into a dream, the Past becomes the real. He is looking at the ancient inner harbor of the Algerines with the Moorish buildings on the jetty; and the white lighthouse like a minaret, its foot on the old Spanish fort, triumphant over the Spanish arms above the door. It is the charmed guardian of the old El-Djezair.

NIGHT AND THE STAR

NIGHT AND THE STAR

PERHAPS through its very contrast with the Present, what is left of the Past and the East draws us more strongly. But altogether many are the difficulties which lie in the way of following the star, of finding the fountain. Though the land is possessed of enchanting beauty, it is prisoned and protected manifold. The French, while themselves destroying much that was Oriental, have made Algeria difficult of access to outside enterprise. And not only is there the almost certainly tempestuous voyage, a dragon which guards these shores, but winter and Rhamadan are here sometimes, as both were when we arrived; and the fair land was secluded by clouds and rain, to come forth later with a marvellous luxuriance of flowers. A mantle white as snow lay upon the hills; but when we approached, a perfume filled the atmosphere and the flakes melted into the fairy blossoms of the sweet alyssum. The air is pure and fresh, spicy from roses and oranges and pines and the salt from the sea.

It is a land of light; a land of rose gardens

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and orange groves, cypresses and vesper bells, color and fragrance and the song of birds. "I sometimes think that nowhere blows so red the rose as where some buried Cæsar bled"; and here, as in other countries, perished Rome.

The moon of Rhamadan is waning and the orange buds are bursting into bloom. Nevertheless, Nature aids Man in imposing barricades, and even Nature has her share in the Past. The hedges are of aloes, of cacti, or of the thornbush from which the crown of thorns was made.

From our high position on the hill we can see beyond weird groves of eucalypti, and among the guardian cypresses, the white city on the hill above the bay. It is inexpressibly lovely when the glow of a smile comes over it as it lies dreaming, itself the setting for a dream of fairyland.

We know that everywhere through the arcaded streets of the French portion, and along the sea-wall of the Boulevard pass the pale figures from that inner city which has been called the sepulchre of a past life, where the Moor still hides away his love, his treasure and his religion, and, during the fasting moon of Rhamadan, himself.

NIGHT AND THE STAR

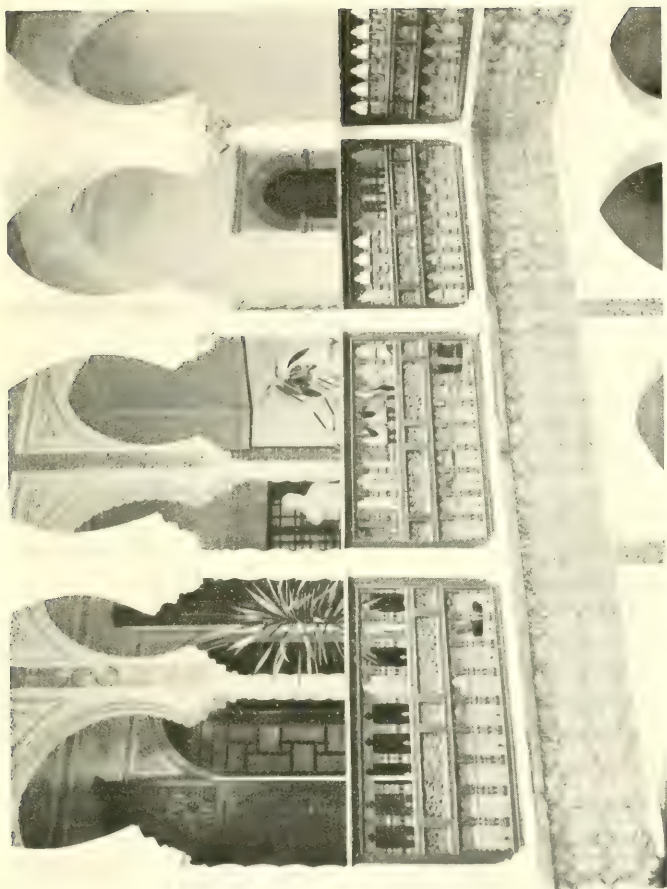
The old city sternly forbids! The solid front which it presented from the water, on closer acquaintance discloses passages like burrows. The building has grown all irregularly. It is impossible to decipher the maze. The houses along these passages are each a smaller blank white shape with entrances often below the street level. Within, beyond the door, is the house passage, constructed to conceal; but, if followed, leading, like that which Alice found in Wonderland, to an inner world of loveliness.

Every old palace is a secret. Nowhere is this more true than in Algiers. Less known, less visited, than other cities where the Oriental life still prospers, the capital of the Barbary Corsairs, the valiant City of the Holy Wars, lies here in a mysterious sleep in the midst of a new French town. The French Algiers, while apparently opening to the world the Arab El-Djezair, in reality encloses it more surely than did its ancient walls, with a spiritual barrier before which at every point the Arab life withdraws and buries itself. Through the heart of the old town the tortuous, tunnel-like passages are scarce wide enough for two to pass; and the streets form the maze of cul-de-sacs, where no foreigner may find his

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way. They were streets without name, and houses without number. Each man knew his own and cared not that any other should know. A few small iron-barred windows seem also only to forbid, as does the roughness of the walls, whitewashed over the wooden supports of the projections and over the marble sculpture about the doors, which is merely suggested now, and is the only hint of the exquisite courts and columns often to be seen within. For we, as women, have been privileged to visit Moorish women, and we know that up a narrow flight of stairs in an alley and inside these stern dwellings are revealed much grace and charm. First, the master's long reception room, then a passage which turns, forming a screen; and in the heart of the building, with the main rooms opening off the four sides of its upper gallery, is the court, perhaps with flowers and fountain. This arrangement secludes still more securely by a sort of labyrinth the Moor's hidden treasure, his harem. For in this city

“Woman's voice is never heard; apart
And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move;
Yet not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares—
Blest cares! all other feelings far above,
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears.”



...The Palace of the Sultan's Daughter

NIGHT AND THE STAR

So, much that pertains to Algerian life and story is difficult to know. History is crystallized in the Moorish dwellings; but many beautiful buildings have been swept away by the French. The Turks kept no clear record and did not understand how to make maps; therefore historians pass over their period with the statement that it is too terrible to tell about. The living Orientals of the Present, in whom is our chief interest, are wrapped in reserve. The fine Semitic face of the Arab is trained to impassivity. Furthermore, it is the Mohammedans' poetic fancy that no image can be made unless something of the soul goes to form it. Therefore, though loving the transient mirror or the pool, which gives them back what they have lost, they dread the evil eye of the lens.

The Arab keeps the grace and stately dignity of freedom; and his is the veil and the seamless cloak, the flowing white costume than which there is none more majestic in the world. As in his own Arabian Nights, the son of an erstwhile noble sheikh does not hesitate to become a merchant in a small way; and, sitting on the terrace in our garden, surrounds himself with the rich belongings of his former life. At times his former slaves,

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the wild, fanatical blacks from the desert, fill the air about him with monotonous magic music from their weird instruments, as if to summon back the atmosphere of the Past. Yet, though we see him here, or find him sleeping where once was the gate of his city, or watch him gazing at the ancient stronghold of the inner harbor, it is only when we follow him through the gates of his temple that our eyes are touched with sight, and we realize how his inner life goes on. Here are courts again with founts for purifying, where the worshiper bathes his feet ere treading holy ground; and here is the inner place of prayer, where his face seems to wear a rapt expression, quite above even noticing the intrusion of our watchfulness.

Surely it is part of the spell of Algiers that so much is hidden, and some things are inaccessible. The more one seeks the more one realizes that the buried treasure is inexhaustible—until every stone speaks and one fathoms the secret of his origin in the color of a native's eyes.

This is another world that lies hid in the heart of the French Algiers; a world whose walls are white as tombs, whose inhabitants are clothed in white, hooded and cloaked, with veiling haiks like clouds of the ideal;

NIGHT AND THE STAR

figures whose motion is stillness, whose dreaming eyes look back within the Past. All is wrapped in mystery; all is asleep; the essence of the Orient, a dream. We know that within those low doors, which one must stoop to enter, is many a romance, and a beauty as mysterious as the outward reserve which conceals it. In those villas on the hill, now many of them in foreign hands, was once the magnificence of fairy palaces, in whose courts still linger the orange blossoms, the ripple of fountains, and almost the scent of incense and of burning aloe wood. It is difference, not distance, that counts. And we find ourselves haunted and under the spell, entranced. We must dream, sometimes happily, sometimes in deepest melancholy. But the dreams are true. We are not only taken to the Past, but lifted from our ideas of material worth to a larger universe, till we repeat, "What is man that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Go forth in the stillness of night, under the stars. The silence is full of a secret; the white walls shine in the darkness; the white robed figures are still. In it all is symbolized and out of the silence spoken, the truth that spiritual revelation is the secret of the East.

IN THE BEGINNING

IN THE BEGINNING

THESE are our gleanings from quaint old French books—how heavy for the French!—and from the labor of those English scholars who cared deeply for the Oriental life or loved Algeria before Egypt called to England. Especially do we draw upon the writings of one solemn Englishman, who, working for his government here beside the study window with the beautiful view, became enamored of the lightsome grace of this land, and attempted in his serious English way to tell its story. Therefore if the tale wax dull or move a trifle heavily at times, the reader will forgive. It was and is a labor done for love.

According to all these historians the Kabyles are the earliest historical inhabitants; Kabyle, from the Arabic word for tribe, having more recently been applied to that portion of the Berbers or Barbarians—so named by the Romans—who now inhabit the mountains of Algeria. They are supposed by some

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ancient writers to be the exiled Canaanites, for several Roman authors describe two columns of stone found near the present Tangier, with the inscription: "We are they who fled from Joshua, the son of Nun!"

There is something fascinating in these early efforts to account for everything. Their success in this case is established by ethnologists to-day, who generally believe the Kabyles to be Hamitic—and assuredly Canaan was the son of Ham.

When the Semitic Phœnicians—Queen Dido fleeing from her royal brother at Tyre, as legend tells us—founded Carthage, and from there gained control of the coast, the Berbers were never subjugated. In the long struggle between Carthage and Rome, which was carried on over all this country, when the Semitic civilization gave way to the Aryan, and a new era was marked in the world's development, the Berbers fought, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; but always, even after the Roman conquest, maintained a certain independence, under such leaders as the famous Jugurtha, and Juba who married the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra. Juba was a man of much personal beauty, whose learning was so re-

IN THE BEGINNING

markable that Plutarch called him, "the greatest historian amongst kings"; and Pliny thought him more remarkable for his erudition than for his crown. His son, Ptolemy, ruling after him, was summoned by the ever jealous Caligula to Rome, where, ostensibly because of the attention his rich garments excited, but more probably for his treasure, he was disposed of. He was the last native ruler to be recognized by the Great Power of those days. But gradually, some of these Berbers, those called Kabyles now, entrenched themselves in the mountain fastnesses; while others, the present Touaregs, found in the wide desert their field of freedom.

The earliest definitions of the tribes of North Africa by ancient geographers corresponded roughly to the present divisions of this country; and, though varying at different stages of development, the general lines have more or less persisted. Cyrenaica, the eastern portion, adjoining Egypt, remained intact whether as kingdom or province. The first Roman province, Africa Propria, made out of the Carthaginian state, lay next; and was, even in Roman days, divided into two portions similar in limits to the modern Tripoli and Tunis.

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After Africa, came Numidia, now the French Algerian province of Constantine; and from Numidia to the Atlantic the country was known as Mauritania. The Romans divided it first into Mauritania Orientalis and Mauritania Occidentalis; the former equal to what was left of the country which is now Algeria, and the latter, the present Empire of Morocco. History has made one of her curious reversals so that Western Mauritania is now the more Oriental.

A later Roman division of Mauritania Orientalis prefigured the division of that portion of French Algeria into the remaining two provinces; that part next to Numidia becoming Mauritania Setifensis, and corresponding to the province of Algiers, with the Roman town of Icosium, the modern city of Algiers, to mark its western boundary. Mauritania Cæsariensis represented the modern French Oran. At the time of this Roman division Mauritania Occidentalis became Mauritania Tingitana—now Morocco.

During the Roman occupation, many famous Romans were connected with "Africa"—the name which the Romans gave to the first province, the Carthaginian state, and which has extended to the whole continent.



At the Temple Door

IN THE BEGINNING

Q. Cæcilius Metellus and Marius were leaders in the Jugurthine Wars. Immediately afterward raged over this country the conflict of those Titan Romans, whose family relations and personal ambitions made for a period the history of the world; and whose gigantic figures are clear across the centuries and personally dear to the youth of our own age—Pompey, Scipio, Cato, Labienus, Cæsar.

This struggle took place before the end of the Berber kingdoms, and Berber kings of Mauritania fought first for one, then for the other rival. In this way they lost their possessions and many lives; and the whole of North Africa became nominally a part of the Roman Empire.

It was when Cæsar had brought a measure of peace, that Sallust was given the governorship of Numidia. Poor Sallust! from all accounts the business of making history in this capacity was less suited to him than the writing of it. He was but an indifferent ruler and was glad to return to Rome and to see Juba restored by Augustus to his own. However, after the murder in Rome of Juba's son Ptolemy, the emperors no longer attempted to give North Africa Berber rulers.

The provinces prospered mightily for the

ALGIERS

Romans in the three centuries which followed. Emperors not only came from Africa but she made emperors. It was a common saying in the home city: "What use to exile a man to Africa? He will find there a second Rome!"

The city of Algiers, as has been mentioned, was then the Roman Icosium—a station on the road along the coast—the French have made of her to-day a second Paris. Beneath the Rue de la Marine is the principal Roman thoroughfare, and two Roman cemeteries lie buried near the Place du Gouvernement in the Rue Bab-el-Oued and the Rue Bab-Azzoun under the gayest portion of the present town. There are still the remains of what is supposed to be a Roman aqueduct, spanning a lonely valley where the spring flowers grow. On the day when we visited it, a black cloud hung above the arches, as if the curtain of oblivion had been for a moment lifted, until an indelible impression should be made, and would then descend again.

Back in the Algerian country are the sites of cities more important to the Romans, connected by a portion of Rome's network of great roads, roads which served to feed the world from Rome, the centre; and thus to

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bind her possessions, not externally into a heterogeneous mass, but from within, into a state better organized than any empire formed before.

The ruins of one of the ancient cities, which we know as Timgad, in Algeria, are impressive beyond those of Pompeii. There is a story that they were recently discovered by two shepherd boys who took shelter under the top of the triumphal arch, and, digging in the sand, found carvings on their improvised house. The city has been all uncovered since—arch and amphitheatre and forum, streets upon streets revealing the perfect ground plan of the dwellings. It is a place of sunshine and of utter silence now—in which the soul goes back, freed from the bonds of time.

During those earlier Roman centuries and afterward, while the shocks of the struggles between the Eastern and Western Empires were felt along this coast, Latin Christianity came unobtrusively into being, and is said to have had its birth in Africa, the birthplace and the place of death of the great St. Augustine. With Christianity were associated a new set of great African names, including Tertullian and Cyprian. Unfortunately, a

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bitter schism arose in the Church over an episcopal election; and the rebellious and defeated sect of the Donatists took refuge among the mountain Berbers, who were also Christianized.

Then followed the third great invasion of this coast since the arrival of the Berbers: that of the Aryan Vandals, coming from nobody is quite sure where, though there are three clearly defined and mutually disputant theories.

The Vandals were admitted into Mauritania across the narrow Strait of Gibraltar by the Roman governor, Boniface, the disciple and friend of St. Augustine. He was driven to the treacherous act, because falsely accused of treachery by his jealous rival Ætius, who, being in Rome, had the ear of the regent Placidia. Thus this change is connected with a woman, whose story is one of the most dramatic to be found in history. The Vandals were aided by the Donatists. Consequently, so divided among themselves, the Romans, in spite of the remorse and the desperate efforts of Boniface while St. Augustine lay dying in Bona, were unable to hold the provinces. The religion of the Vandals is known as Arian Christianity.

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The Vandal leader, Genseric, raided Sicily and Italy, and brought from Rome itself to Africa the golden candlestick and the holy table of the temple at Jerusalem. But the Vandals were themselves vanquished by the luxurious habits of the conquered Romans, into which they fell; and Byzantium, taking advantage of this weakness, destroyed their power. However, she could not establish her own over the native tribes. The sacred emblems were rescued by Belisarius and sent to Jerusalem, on which journey they mysteriously vanished from the knowledge of the world.

Another century passed, and Africa as a Byzantine province under the Patrician Gregorius became independent even of Byzantium. Then from the eastern end of the Mediterranean, the end opposite to that from which the last invasion came, began a movement, a migration, unparalleled in history. Not for race or country, the adherents of a fighting religion swept over the entire coast and submerged it. Their one means of proselyting, the sword; inspired by a faith in immediate, eternal glory for him who dies in war; they fought with an abandon which rendered them as supernatural fiends to their enemies.

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Nothing could withstand them. Enclosed in a horde of Berber allies, the army of Byzantines, with a vitiated faith, was conquered by the fire of a religion far purer in precept than their own had become in practice.

With this conquest, also, are connected the stories of women. One of these is the legend of a Berber queen who called her people to council, where she declared it her belief that the Arabs were envious of the riches of the Berbers. She told her subjects that there was but one thing for her nation to desire, and that was independence. Eloquently she argued that the riches, which now endangered that independence through Arab cupidity, were intended by a higher power to do so. The danger was a revelation that the riches were wrong in themselves, a temptation to luxury which would render the nation weak to resist the envy it excited. With a fiery patriotism she urged them to destroy all their wealth, that they might preserve their freedom in a life of simplicity. Led by her, the Berbers fell upon their own towns and destroyed them; cut down their beautiful palms; buried their jewelry. But all to no avail. The invincible army swept on. The first wave had started from conquered Egypt under

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the brother of the Khalif Othman. It returned—but the tide rose. Another wave followed and remained. The recently independent state of Africa, once a Roman province, became the Mohammedan province of Ifrikia. The Berbers yielded their adopted religion if not their independence. Islamism reached the mountain peaks, and—except among a small number of Copts in Egypt—Christianity, though with struggles and reactions, was wiped out in Africa.

At the nearer side of the gate to Spain the Mohammedans were stopped. Both sides of the Strait were held by the Visi-Goth warriors of that country; until Count Julian, *The Traitor* of Spanish history, in revenge for a personal grievance to his daughter, invited them to enter, by the way the Vandals had come down into Africa. “Multitudes of the Moors (Berbers) followed the Arabs into Spain, and the Europeans gave the African name to their Asiatic conquerors.”

A large army of pure-blooded Semitic Arabs remained in the southern continent. The provinces of Africa were governed by Emirs, under Haroun-al-Raschid and the Khalifs of Bagdad. Their capital was the sacred city of Kairouan near Tunis. How-

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ever, about 900 A.D., a Berber of the province of Constantine, claiming descent from Fathma, daughter of the Prophet, overthrew the followers of the reigning dynasty of Khalifs. His successors, sweeping east again, established the Fatimite Khalifate at Cairo, which was itself deposed some centuries later by the old orthodoxy and made its final stand in Persia. When the Fatimites first conquered Syria, they banished the desert Arab tribes of that country to Upper Egypt, whence they spread like a horde of locusts, according to Ibn Khaldoun, westward over the whole of North Africa. Those Berbers who were not absorbed—with the remnants of Vandals, Byzantines and Romans—took refuge in their mountains. These wild, free Arabs, though banished from the cities, still roam over country and desert as if, indeed, some ancient curse compelled their wandering.

Several centuries later a sect of Moham-medan warriors arose in Morocco and spread its power as far east as Tripoli, with its capital at Tlemçen. Thus the waters surged back and forth. A desert tribe finally conquered most of the country, leaving the large cities independent powers.

Algiers had been founded under the protec-

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tion of the Fatimite Khalifate on the site of Icosium; and had been given the name "El-Djezair," "The Isles," for the islands lying out in the harbor. The whole name was "El-Djezair Beni-Mezghanna," "The Islands of the Children of Mezghanna." It is noticeable that the coast cities of North Africa are built on the west side of bays and thus face the rising sun.

In the centuries following its founding Hebrews were driven to El-Djezair by persecution in Europe, yet they are hated by Moors as well as by Christians, and, more than the Christians, are despised by the Moors. There is an Arabic saying to the effect that Christians may be forgiven—they are ignorant; but the Hebrews should know better. Yet, though the existence of the Hebrews in Africa was barely tolerated, it was existence; and these miserable people were so thankful for mere life that when in later years the Spaniards threatened El-Djezair they besought Heaven to save it, and Algerine Jews still keep a day of thanksgiving for the storm which destroyed the Spanish fleet and delivered the city.

For seven hundred years the Mohammedans flourished. Theirs was the civilization

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of the East and their Semitic race have ever been the dreamers and the teachers of the world. Into Spain they had carried their best, all the beauty and fire of the East; and had held up the lamp of learning in those Dark Ages, when the light of Rome had been well-nigh extinguished. The struggle with them developed the Spanish bravery and thirst for conquest which wrought out history in a new world.

The taking of Constantinople by the Turkish Mohammedans shut off the trade upon which Europe depended, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean; and caused those quests of the European nations for a new way to the old world, which resulted in the discovery of a new world instead of a practical new way. That awaited the making of the Suez Canal and England's keeping.

With the driving of the Moors from Spain and the rise of Turkish power, began the chapter in Algerian history which gave us most of the old city as we have it to-day.



A Hidden Treasure



A DREAM OF EL-DJEZAIR

A DREAM OF EL-DJEZAIR

THE monastery bell close by has rung the evening hour and I have lighted my candles for the departed day. It was so beautiful. I kneel beneath my window, resting on the broad sill. Below are masses of orange flowers, with the roses under them; and beyond the cypresses, the blue curve of the bay, and the white city veiled in purple shadows on the hill.

A story within a story, as the Arabian Nights are told, there comes to me the tale of Zaphira, Princess of El-Djezair. Changed from a few pages, perhaps half legend, in the quaint old French book of Laugier de Tassy, it comes to me out of the shadows and I know it in all its truth. Zaphira walks in the shades of the garden; and the falling twilight is strangely like the dawn of another day.

It was a day as heavenly fair in its beginning, when the Emir Selim-bin-Teumi

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watched the crescent and the morning star above the bay. In him the finest instincts of his race had risen to their flower; in him the Oriental tide of mysticism was at full flood; all his soul filled with a pure wonder. This was his wedding day; and Selim-bin-Teumi's life was as clear as the atmosphere of dawn.

He knew how, years before, his father had stood in the self-same place, when his own life dawned. Before the father, as now before himself, was even then the one object which had darkened the old Emir's reign, the Spanish fort. A short time previous to Selim's birth the Spaniards had taken the last stronghold in Spain from the Mohammedans; and, as Teumi, the father, learned from captive Christians, from out the Alhambra itself had sent a man across the Sea of Darkness to discover a new way to the treasure country of India, that the Christians might avoid the Mohammedans in the Mediterranean and at Constantinople, where the Turks had cut off Europe from the caravan route. There were fabulous stories of how this man had found a new world for Spain; and that country was now sending her ships westward, to return laden with pure new gold. But the

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Moors, though defeated, had never been resigned; and from without the fair kingdom of Spain, they continued to harass her shores, until Ferdinand, strong in all he had gained, swooped down like an eagle on the African coast and around into its bays. Its eastward-facing cities one by one fell before him, and he set a fort to watch over each. El-Djezair he could not take, but the fort was there, the last link in the chain, on one of the very isles which had given its name to the town. The Emir was not afraid for the city itself—he could defend it; but to his high spirit and to his people, the fort was an insult which poisoned their lives. Since it had been completed and left with its little garrison, they had tried furiously to take it; and, finding such efforts useless, had settled to attempts by siege and famine. They had captured the vessels which brought its supplies. The garrison almost miraculously held out—by a strange chance there was a fresh spring on the island—and there stood the fort, guarding the bay of the Algerines, practically closing their own harbor to them. Teumi beached his boats on the other side of the point, which meant harder work for the Christian slaves. Nevertheless, he had longed to free his peo-

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ple from the insult, and to avenge it. As he had watched on a certain morning, he had been exultant in the belief that a son was to be born to him who would accomplish what he had been unable to do. All was prepared in the palace for the birth festivities.

Suddenly, while he watched, a star fell. His heart stood still. There rang through the palace the death-wail of the women. He threw his arms toward heaven—then covered his eyes and stood quivering. But when he had descended and women brought the boy to him, he felt in a swift rush a certain consolation. Instantly he saw that for a newborn babe the child was strangely beautiful; and the large dark eyes that gazed at him seemed even then unmistakably those of Aziza. Aziza lived in her son. A sense of all that the boy would be to him suddenly filled his soul. Nevertheless, with the feeling of possession in this new form, again came fear. "As beautiful as the full moon," he would have said, but dared not, lest the evil eye be cast upon the son. "Praise be to him who created such a being; may he be thy protector," he murmured with white lips.

So was born Teumi's son, the present young Emir, who stood now in his father's

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place; and so was the week of his birth festivity, with its gathering of relatives and friends, turned into a period of mourning. Aziza was not interred, as the poorer people, in the earth, without a protection; but half-seated, in a tomb which faced the East; and the tomb was enclosed in a lattice. It was so shielded that the Emir might visit it on his Sabbath, when the souls of the dead may return to the earth. To be sure, keeping company with spirits was women's business, therefore no men were allowed in the cemeteries on that day—except the Emir with his private entrance to his private tomb—for his love was great, and that it was women's business mattered not to him. He did as he would have had his wife do for him.

On the seventh day, with his own hands, he killed the sheep in the great court of his palace; and in the midst of a large company, he named his man-child, Selim; and he considered how he should keep him from the evil eye and plan for his happiness. He called a council of wise men to confer on this serious subject. As they sat before him on cushions on the floor, one told him of a boy kept in a subterranean chamber till he should be grown; but the youth had one day escaped, and then

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began for him a series of most evil adventures. "Yea," continued another sage, "a father took his son to an uninhabited island and there hid him in a chamber under the ground during the period for which a warning had been given; but strange circumstances led the boy's slayer to hide in a tree-top in the same desolate island the night before the youth was brought there; and though the two made friends, the son was killed by accident on the final day of the fated period. To fly from fate is to rush in a circle into its arms." So, thinking it over, the father decided upon two things: he would keep the boy beside him; and, in order that his son might find perfect happiness, the custom of his country should be fulfilled to the letter, he should never see face of any woman before his marriage. Thus Selim grew; and even the slaves went veiled before him. And the fort remained unconquerable in the harbor.

As the years went on, the Emir had told his son of the mission before him; told him of his birth and the reason for his seclusion; and finally had betrothed him to the daughter of Haroun, a ruler of the Berbers, with whom he had made an alliance. The fame of the maiden's beauty had not then gone abroad

Zaphira



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—only Teumi knew of it, and his knowledge had come about in this wise.

Because of her beauty, Zaphira, the Berber princess, had been almost as secluded as the Emir's son. She had been taught the womanly accomplishments, had worked over her little embroidery frame, and could sing to a guitar, with a voice which melted to tears the few who had heard her. At one time during her childhood, it had been her father's fancy to show his friends, when he gathered them together, how thoroughly he was theirs, by producing his dearest treasure, Zaphira, to bear the long-nosed ewer and the basin after the feast and to pour the rosewater over their hands. And presently, though she was but a child, one of the old men desired her of her father.

That afternoon Haroun called Zaphira to his apartments; and as she stood before him, he told her of another home where she should be honored as a wife, the wife of his own friend. Daughters, it was hardly needful to say, always did the will of their fathers in this matter, as in all others; and he had provided well for his only child. Suddenly, something leapt to life in Zaphira. At the threatening proximity of wifhood, she be-

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came a woman. She neither cried out for the homesickness and terror which clutched her heart; nor did she fly to her mother, well knowing there could be no refuge there from her father's will. No refuge anywhere, she realized; and she bowed her head in apparent and customary submission, but with an odd dignity about her small and defenseless figure. Her father passed out. Zaphira straightened, followed him, and closing the door to the gallery, stood back in it, her eyes wide with fear. Perhaps it was her utter helplessness, perhaps her ignorance of the enormity of what she did, which helped her. The independence of her race rose in her, despite her sex; and those wide eyes looked straight into her father's, as she said solemnly:

“My father, you may do with me as you please. I will die, but I will not marry Abdallah.”

More remarkable than the defiance of this woman-child was her father's acceptance of it. Its very magnitude from so tiny and helpless a source overcame him. Perhaps it was the call of his own blood. He opened his arms. “If I keep you,” he exclaimed, “you must never disobey me again”; and

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Zaphira flew to him, and nestled in his embrace, as her great sobs came.

So Haroun told his friend that he would make no arrangement to part with his little girl as yet. Abdallah replied that he would wait; and reminded the father that in the lore of their people even unborn babes were conditionally betrothed. But Haroun would have no binding agreement. From that time he kept his treasure veiled and secluded. And often, for long hours she would sit curled up on her window sill, which opened into a balcony shielded by a lattice; or from the balcony itself, she would look out through a small opening at the blue sea far below and beyond. For now she dreamed, as girlhood everywhere dreams, of her own kind of a prince. He should be a boy of her own age—she had never had a child to play with. But sometimes, as she looked toward the East, far out to sea, she felt that a great good or evil was approaching her over the waters. It held her fascinated, as she watched. Her nurse saw only the sea-mists closing down. Zaphira never told her dreams, even to her mother or her nurse; indeed, Zaphira's mother had counted only in her creation. The sole wife—for the Berbers, unlike the

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Arabs, have but one—she was, perhaps busied all the more ceaselessly in caring for and increasing her personal charms and accomplishments. Zaphira had forfeited all claim to attention from the outset by failing to be a boy. She had been turned over to the care of her nurse, who knew just enough to see to her material necessities and to give her what training she had received. But her father had made a plaything of the daughter whose birth had disappointed him; until with a strong man's tenderness he had come to love her for her frailty, to teach her, and to feel a deep compassion for her deepening womanhood. He alone divined something of her dreams; and casting about in his mind and his country for the prince, he bethought him of the son of the Emir of El-Djezair.

Now it fell out that about this time the Emir of El-Djezair and his son journeyed through their own dominions; and the Emir was desirous of an alliance with the Berbers of the near mountains. Accordingly he visited Haroun, bringing the youth closed in a palanquin through the Berber country, where the women were not so strictly veiled. The Emir sent ahead and made careful condition that his son should not see the face of even a slave-girl.

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Had the visitors been enemies, Haroun would have done them no harm while they were guests in his territory. But he did not desire the alliance, for the Berbers were ever an independent people; and he feared that in this coalition they must be the secondary part, and thus become in reality subject to the will of the Algerines.

However, at the first sight of Selim his heart had gone out to the lad, and he had loved him as his own son. Therefore he took Teumi alone to the secluded part of the garden, beneath Zaphira's balcony. He knew that she was there at the lattice. The Emir was secretly troubled. Did Haroun mean that something should happen which should be a cause of offence after he had returned home? He kept his eyes on the ground. But Haroun said softly, "Lift thine eyes, my brother," and the Emir looked up. Framed in the lattice, he beheld the most wonderful face he had ever gazed upon. It vanished instantly. Speechless with astonishment and distress at what he had seen, the Emir could not conceal his agitation. Haroun watched him. "She is thy daughter," Teumi said at last, "I ask her of thee for my son." "If thou askest that," answered Haroun, "thou

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shalt have not only my daughter, but the alliance; for thy son is such that I praise God whenever my eyes behold him."

Then the Emir told Haroun of his son's birth and how he had brought him up; and finally he said, "My son must not see her yet." Haroun agreed gladly, not loath to put off the day of parting. However, on one point he doubted, for he feared no comparison of his daughter's face with any other. It seemed to Haroun that the knowledge of other faces would but train the youth to appreciate Zaphira and to realize by comparison that she was supreme. Nevertheless, the Emir could not now be turned from his course; and he had known a true love. He desired more than ever that this peerless maiden should be the first upon whom his son should look, and that on his wedding night. It should be to him the perfect revelation of womanhood.

So the Emir and his son departed; and Selim had been in the home of Zaphira, and neither knew of the other.

Three years later the Emir lay dying. The fires of youth had burned out, and he would have been glad to go on, except that his work was not done. But he believed that the son

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whom he had given to his city would accomplish it. So they two talked together for the last time; and the father rehearsed the story of his own unavailing life of struggle to free his people from an insult, and reminded Selim that he must do a greater deed than his father could. Then the elder man bestowed upon his son, his last and finest gift, the betrothal. "When I am gone on my long journey," he said, "do thou set out immediately and bring thy bride home."

And so had Selim done, taking a long journey for his bride, as many others, especially among the Berbers, did then, and do to-day: some for a prize only to be had from a distance; others, of a baser sort, that the bride may not flee home again. Selim saw not the face of a woman, for he went in the midst of his troop. Haroun welcomed the young Emir with rejoicing and feasting; and the gift of gold which Selim brought as the price of his bride was very great.

Her friends visited her and brought their gifts; but Zaphira went through the time of preparation in mingled joy and misgiving. The prince was here—her father had said he was the prince—yet she was not to see him

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until after they had all journeyed together to El-Djezair and her father had left her in the Emir's palace. It was as the mist on the sea. Her father's face she knew, and her childhood life. Small wonder that she shrank.

One night when the last guest had departed Zaphira sat alone on the floor in her apartment, turning over in her lap, by the dim light of a swinging lamp, a large casket of her own family heirlooms. Suddenly she espied among them a red stone she had not previously noticed. As she held it up to the light, she perceived that the stone was hollow and that the color was produced by a liquid within. It was one of those curious contrivances in which the romantic Oriental mind delights; and Zaphira had heard stories sufficient for her to understand that the imprisoned liquid was poison. Whence it had come, she did not know, and her quick Oriental imagination seized upon the mystery attaching to it. She immediately accepted it as her talisman, her charm against the evil eye; and she fastened it to a fine chain hanging in her breast.

On the day appointed the train set out with camels and horses which the Emir had brought to convey the bride and her party

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to his home. Zaphira had her own maids and her nurse, and they were the only women who came with her, for she took leave of her mother at her home. Surrounded by her servants on camels, she travelled in the centre in a rich striped silk palanquin. Selim heard her voice as she rode beside her father; and it had already carried love for the first time to his heart.

Arrived at El-Djezair, the Emir housed Zaphira and her father in a fair palace. Now at last was the morning when she would become his bride; and he upon the roof watched the heavens for a sign; but no sign came, save that the dawn crept up and put out the morning star.

And still he waited—for it was a new world which the sun revealed to him. For the first time, though he knew not why, he was fully conscious of its color, its fragrance, and the music of its birds. Then there rose in him the poetic, prophetic spirit which dreams great truths before they are laboriously discovered; the spirit which gave us the Sun-myths, in which the Sun and the Earth, idealized, become but one man and one woman. And though he did not understand that the color and fragrance and music were all pro-

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duced by love, and are only fully revealed to the human heart by the cause which made them, he felt, as all true lovers must, whether they understand or not, that somehow his love expressed and embraced the whole of the universe.

More definitely he realized that sometimes it is given to one man or one woman to represent a nation. Zaphira was a princess of the Berbers; he was Emir of the Algerines. His heart seemed to hold all his people. Then he looked toward the fort in the harbor, and a chill crept into the morning; but with fresh resolution he descended to make ready for the final ceremonies.

First was the purification. Afterward, before darkness fell, he and his young men went to prayer in the mosque.

In the meantime it was not necessary for Zaphira to attend the public baths, with all her company of maidens and musicians, as is the custom; for she was in a palace, and to music in the outer court she, within, was bathed in the fountain and adorned in rich robes, that she might be displayed before her husband. Her maids wished to clothe her in bright colors, but she would have naught except pure white silk, and bracelets and

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anklets like fetters of gold. Neither did she require henna for her hair, since there was in it a wonderful red tinge from some Aryan blood in the Berber race. When all was done and while it was still day, the grand procession set out for her husband's palace, that all the people might behold it. When they had made a circuit of the city and had drawn near the Emir's palace, the servants of the Emir went out to meet them. But the bridegroom himself was at prayer. Then a lighted lamp was placed in the hand of the bride to signify that she was to be the light of the bridegroom's house; and according to an ancient Berber custom—for it was desired to combine the customs of the Arabs and the Berbers in this wedding—the master's servants lifted the bride and bore her over the threshold that she might enter clean-footed. Her maids and the maid-servants of the bridegroom gathered about her in the great court and sang and danced in a merry ring; while the men-servants cared for the Berber people; and the father of the bride and his friends and relatives had full possession of her husband's palace.

Then came the bridegroom and his friends bearing torches—for it was now dark—and

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they entered in and welcomed the company, and the veils of the slave-girls were dropped. But though she sat, still covered, at one side of the company, the Emir might not yet approach his bride.

The feast was spread. And the grains of the couscous which was used on that occasion had been rolled to just their proper size by the deft hands of the women, and had been dried in the sun, when the old Emir had returned from the betrothal journey.

Stories and mirth ran high, but the Emir was silent and scarcely partook of food; while his bride from her side saw him dimly, her hand on the charm in her breast.

When the feasting was over, the slave-girls set before the bride the large pan and sieve, the flour and the grains of fresh, hard wheat for the making of the couscous, to signify that from henceforth she was to keep the house. After which the guests dispersed in companies; and last of all Haroun embraced his daughter, kissed his son's shoulder, and went out, leaving the bride with her nurse and slave-maidens. These led her to the gallery, and Selim followed, seating himself on a rich couch before the apartments set aside for the bride. Her nurse walked the slight figure

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around the court and brought her to stand before him that at last her full charms might be displayed. Were a man disposed to be haughty and to make his wife feel her subjection to him, this was the moment to reveal it by keeping her standing. No such feeling possessed the Emir, however; and the sight of the golden fetters sent a strange pang to his heart. He rose quickly, took her hand and led her gently to sit down, while he stood in her place. At this the slave-maids all retired and Selim gave the old nurse, who alone remained, the customary piece of money to withdraw. Lamps shed a soft radiance about the two figures. The sound of retreating footsteps ceased and left unbroken silence; the Emir leaned forward slowly, and exclaimed, in a voice scarcely audible, with reverence, "I lift the veil!"

When it was done he stood motionless, breathless—his hand resting lightly on her head—for not even his wildest thoughts could have imagined a face so beautiful as this. The light in her hair made it a halo of gold. She was looking down as he drew aside the veil, and slowly, very slowly, she raised her long-lashed eyelids till the eyes gazed full into his—and there was no need of words

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between them. In one long look they read all, told all.

Golden summer days followed for the pair. One ceremony only, after the wedding, had been omitted. It is the custom for the bride's uncle, or some man closely related to her, to cut her hair from her forehead on the day after her marriage, so that no one except her husband may possess even the memory of her loveliness.* But Selim would not have Zaphira married, and he was not afraid. The Emir already knew his bride.

The two spent their days among the fountains and the lilies, in the garden which the Emir had caused to be planted for his bride; and from which, as she went to her bath in the morning she could just look over the hedge to the sea; for the garden was on a steep hill and shut in with cypress trees where the nightingales sang.

With full summer there came a riotous burst of bloom, following the long, heavy rains. Together the Emir and his wife had seen all the flowering of the orange trees, had watched the almond blossoms come and go,

* So keenly do Orientals feel the disgrace which a woman of their family may bring upon them, that, in case of suspicion, they claim the right to take her from her husband against his own protests and to put her to death without trial.

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the wistaria, wild lilies, violets and asphodels. Some were native, some had been brought from other lands. And the almond blossoms were like pink clouds of dawn; the wistaria festooned itself over walls and cypresses; the white iris in the shady borders was as a spirit flower, of a color purer and a texture finer than the lily. Yet all had been only a prelude to the roses, countless as stars and closer, large and fragrant, growing in a wild and wonderful abandon of luxuriant life. But with them came into the Emir's radiant life a curious sadness: not like the melancholy of the dank, dark forest or of the ebbing tide; but the melancholy of too much color and fragrance, an over-rich development—the floodtide at the turn—life which has reached only at its height, the consciousness that it must perish. And that is the melancholy of Algiers to this day.

One evening as the two walked together in the garden, the Emir spoke of it. “See how all things change,” he said. “Must it be so with love? I would that I might never know it, Zaphira, but might perish, triumphant in love at its height.”

Zaphira put her hand to her heart and it touched the charm. She sat down on the

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edge of a fountain, and he stood before her, as he had on her wedding night. Zaphira was wise with the instinctive wisdom of women, and she answered: "What thou needest is action. Then thou wilt come to thy love without sadness. Hast thou no task to do?"

The Emir flushed as he thought of the task laid upon him by his father, who had given him his bride. "I will storm the fort," he said.

Zaphira's eyes were large and dark, but without fear. "When thou takest the fort, thy love shall be made perfect without change," she whispered, as if in awe.

So the Emir set about such preparations as had never been made before; for he meant to take his time, and not to attack the fort in sudden rage, as his father had. Accordingly two young spies were sent out, pretending they fled from the Emir's wrath. He saw that they were received. Two days later, he and all his people beheld them suspended upon the wall of the stronghold.

When his stores and his men were concentrated, the Emir bombarded the fortress, but with less fortune than Teumi had; for the Orientals can only fight well under the



The Last of the Train

A DREAM OF EL-DJEZAIR

inspiration of a fiery leader; and the long, cool preparations and discipline of their enemies are no more deadly to them than such preparations or attempts at discipline on their own side. They could not be kept at their guns, but fled from the answering fire of the fort. Houses in the city were demolished, but the fortress seemed charmed against injury, and a superstition took hold of the people, so that at last they would not fight at all. Then the Emir sat among his counselors with his head in his hand; and they tried to solace him with stories, for stories will usually divert and console the Oriental heart in its direst distress. Nevertheless, the Emir seemed not to hear them. Braver himself than those who strike in fiery passion, his first effort had been failure; and what consolation, except previous success, can ever avail in the first great failure? At last he said:

“Tell me true history—no tales of love, for mine is better; and the only comfort for me is the knowledge of other men’s successful deeds!”

Then one answered: “My master, there are stories—but we told thee not, lest thou shouldst be too impatient with thy poor

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people. There are two brothers, Greeks,—sons, they say, of a poor man of the island of Mitylene,—and the eldest, especially, has made himself master of men and of ships, and whatever he touches is his. Baba-Aroudj, the Corsair, has come sailing out of the East.”

The Emir lifted his head. “Tell me of him,” he said. So one after another rehearsed tales of the Barbarossa brothers, Horush Baba-Aroudj and Khair-ed-din—elaborating picturesquely the rumors which had only begun to reach El-Djezair from fugitives and sailors. The Emir bade them tell him more and more; and they taxed their wits and imaginations. Thus he sat with them day after day, and always there was more to tell. They brought before him those who had carried the news—sometimes a sea-captain, sometimes a traveling merchant. All the city now heard of the victorious career of the Corsairs—how port after port was falling before them. Then thought Selim, “If I do not ally myself with these Barbarossas, we shall surely fall into their hands. They are Mohammedans and strong; I will call upon them for aid, and so the fort shall be taken from the Christians.” His counselors approved what he said. But when, triumphant

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in his solution, which would remove the danger and make it a means of removing the insult, he told Zaphira in the garden; she grew very white and gasped. "It is the sea!" she cried; but he knew not what she meant.

Messengers were dispatched to Horush Baba-Aroudj and he gaily accepted the mission. Feared by all men, an outlaw save for the strength of his sword, and living by the terror he created, was there something in him still which made him prouder to be a friend than a foe, and glad to have a religious mission to which to apply his power? Who shall say that Baba-Aroudj did not mean well when he started for El-Djezair?—taking with him five thousand soldiers, while Khair-ed-din, his brother—Khair-of-the-faith—was to follow by sea to help him if help were needed. However, as Baba-Aroudj drew nearer to El-Djezair, though yet a long way off, he began to hear of the marvelous beauty of the Berber princess, the Emir's wife, with her halo of golden hair. And Baba-Aroudj's own hair and beard were red. By the time he had reached the city, El-Djezair had become to him just this one woman.

Baba-Aroudj was resolved to possess Za-

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phira. When he arrived, the Emir welcomed him with more than his customary cordial hospitality; for was not this man of fire a deliverer? Baba-Aroudj, crude and uncouth, responded to his host's gracious care by presenting him with numerous and magnificent gifts, gathered in piracy from every quarter of the Mediterranean: vessels of gold and of silver, perfume, and slaves.

At dusk the Emir left his guest, that he might keep tryst with Zaphira in her garden. As they sat among the lilies beside the fountain, her hair held a glow like the sunset, as if it had gathered into itself all the sunshine of the day. The Emir was joyous, triumphant in the certainty of success, which was yet hope; and as fear is worse than any evil, so is hope better than any good. Zaphira loved him best when he was alert for manly action; and he was surprised afresh in his love for her by richer womanly grace and tenderness than she had yet revealed to him, or indeed, had been capable of revealing; for even as he hoped, so she feared, and fear had unlocked the deeps of her nature. When he left her to attend to the comfort of his guest, Selim said to her, "My happiness is perfect."

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In the morning the Emir went, as was his custom, to the bath before the early prayer. His new slaves bore the water in the rich, new vessels and made the bath fragrant with the perfumes from the East. Selim stepped into the water. Suddenly he felt himself in the grip of a powerful force, which came from a man's hands. There was an instant's terrible struggle, too fierce for thought—and the Emir had passed out of life on its full tide—as he had wished, while the joy of his love had known no change, and his heart was high in the thought of victories to be won.

Men said that he had been strangled. When news was brought to Baba-Aroudj, he expressed the deepest sorrow, and declared that it was his right and also due to the rank of the Emir, that he should pay the dead man every respect and honor, and should help to accord him such a funeral and tomb as had not been seen in El-Djezair. And none was strong enough to say the Corsair nay. Yet not only did he never see Zaphira's face—but he could never enter the apartment where Selim lay, when her shrouded figure was present; and he never heard her voice among the wailing mourners. He felt sure that he would have known it if he had. Zaphira

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remained for him a myth, an ideal, for which he had sacrificed the last good left in him.

When the funeral was over, Baba-Aroudj took the slaves and withdrew from the house of mourning. A fort was built for him by his men, far out on a rocky point; and there he lived; and from there, with his soldiers, he was master without effort of the rulerless city. There he bided his time. For it transpired that on his way he had vanquished the Berber allies of the nearer mountains. When the appointed days of mourning were expired, he sent a message to Zaphira, pitying her in her forlorn position and claiming it as his right, since the accident had happened through slaves whom he had brought, to marry her and maintain her in her proper rank.

Still the unbroken silence. Horush Baba-Aroudj dwelt night and day upon the thought of her, neglecting to storm the fort. Again he sent a letter, not patronizing now, nor claiming anything, but beseeching the princess to be his queen. The letter was brought to Zaphira as she lay white and still on her couch. When she had read it, she sat up; the color returned to her cheeks, the brightness to her eyes. So that was it! She did

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not know that she was the cause of the treachery which had broken her life; but she did know that if he wished to possess her for herself, revenge was in her hand. She broke the silence with this message: "Zaphira will never marry while the murder of her husband remains unavenged."

Then Baba-Aroudj took hope and heart, and set himself zealously to work, beheading thirty men, after pretending an investigation. This task accomplished, he sent again to Zaphira, telling her that all were dead who were concerned in the crime, and that there was no longer any barrier between them. Zaphira did not hesitate. Not to kill him could she marry him. She wrote him one sentence: "Thou, and thou only, art the murderer of my husband."

Upon this, love turned to fury in the heart of Baba-Aroudj; and he wrote her arrogantly and insolently how he would have her by force. Zaphira read the message and stood breathing hard, with that look in her eyes with which she had once faced her father. "I will die, but I will not marry him," she said to her old nurse; "and I will not die by his hand." She drew out the charm from her bosom and it glowed like a drop of blood.

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In this moment of fearful need, the nurse smiled on her as she had in the days when Zaphira was a child.

“My lamb, it was I, who, fearing thy beauty, gave thee that charm. I had it from my husband, a sea-captain, who found it amid his other spoil.”

Even as they spoke they heard the sound of soldiers' feet, and a turmoil at the gates. Baba-Aroudj had meant to give Zaphira no chance to attempt escape, no time even to think. There could be but one issue to the struggle. Yet, though her women quailed, Zaphira lost all fear at the first sounds. She called for a glass, and the old nurse brought it her. She cracked the tiny jewel and poured its contents into the water; and she waited, but not because she was afraid. As she held the glass in her hand, she was strong with a new strength. It was not long to wait. The cries and din of the strife at the gate were soon over. A crash told them the inner door was down. Tramping feet could be heard through the master's room to the inner court, ascending the stairs, coming along the gallery. The door of Zaphira's apartment burst open, and Baba-Aroudj stood within it, holding back his men.

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Zaphira also stood before her women, pride rendering that last moment of her life the supreme moment of her matchless beauty. Thus is sometimes vouchsafed to men a vision of what they have striven for, whether by good means or ill; but, if by ill, it may be only to haunt them forever. While he stood spell-bound, Zaphira raised the glass and drained it, exclaiming, "Selim, I only regret that I did not come to thee before. I keep thine honor."

Then she fell forward at the pirate's feet, dead. She did not pass alone. Rage at his hopeless, helpless love took possession of Baba-Aroudj, and he turned upon her maidens and her old nurse and slew them with his own hand, the swiftest and most merciful of the fates which awaited them.

Madly Horush Baba-Aroudj plunged into war, never able, night nor day, to lose the memory of that face, the vision of the impossible, which had forever stricken hope from his soul. Men said that he fought like a devil—but it had always been in his blood. Two years later, the city of El-Djezair, which Zaphira had personified to him, also faded from his eyes, as he lay dying of a Spaniard's thrust. The Spanish had sent an army

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against him, and he had not taken the fort.

However, Khair-ed-din, his brother, captured it soon after, and saved El-Djezair from Christian domination for a new period which lasted three hundred years. Moreover, he inaugurated the Mussulman piracy against the Christian world; and made El-Djezair the center of the raids, so that she became known among Mohammedans as the City of the Holy Wars, and was unmatched in history for her pride, considering the littleness of her real strength. Khair-ed-din united the mainland with the island on which the fort had stood, and so formed an inner harbor. Upon the one remaining tower of the fort, his grandson, Hassan, erected the lighthouse, the beautiful white guardian of El-Djezair, strangely charmed in all bombardments of the city, coming out of the clouds of smoke, miraculously unharmed. And beneath it, over the door in its fortress base to this day may be seen the Spanish coat-of-arms.

The ships come and go in the harbor—
what messages of life and death do they
bring? It is past sunset now and I sit beside

A DREAM OF EL-DJEZAIR

my table with its candles, while the sound of the evening bell floats in at the open window. I think it is raining softly—there has been much rain of late. The almond blossoms are gone and the iris flowers too, but the asphodels cover the fields.

PALACE SECRETS

PALACE SECRETS

THE great palace of the Deys is gone; but closely embedded in the old town are fragments, gems whose setting has been destroyed. There is a fountain in the wall of the Rue des Palais Vieux, covered with French posters; there are the palaces of the present Governor and the Archbishop. The Governor's palace beside the present cathedral belonged to Hassan Dey and has a new and unnatural façade. The Archbishop's, across the Cathedral square, is called by the Arabs the Palace of the Sultan's Daughter, and is an exquisite bit of architecture, where busts and religious paintings look strangely out of place. And there is the palace of Mustapha Dey, now the National Library, which once contained the Museum also and so sheltered for many years the tombstone of its former owner.

Each of these palaces is built about the inevitable court, the essential feature of every Oriental dwelling. It is "the middle of the

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house" referred to in Hebrew scripture, where marriage and all ceremonies and gatherings took place. A shade above the opening may be drawn across the sky and suggests to us the Psalmist's simile: "Spreading out the heavens like a curtain." The courts are surrounded by a row of columns and horse-shoe¹ arches upholding the gallery, and a second row supporting the roof. No two of the arches are exactly alike, for they were always measured by the eye and thus have the intimate charm of that which is not mechanical. In the stately palaces there are also outer courts, but it is about the four sides of the inner one both below and around the gallery that we find the usual long and narrow rooms—very narrow, because their width was regulated by the ceiling beams, which were sometimes cedars of Lebanon, and were never more than twelve feet long. In many palaces these were the women's apartments opening on the gallery of the inner court; in others, like the Kasba, there was a separate harem court or building.

The house of Mustapha is entered through the magnificent vestibule, the reception room of the master, probably the finest example of such a room remaining in Algiers. Above



A Fair Palace

PALACE SECRETS

the stone benches on both sides are the distinctive Algerian arches, springing like the horseshoe, but flattened on top. A passage leads into the court, which a turn at right angles conceals from view.

On the day when we stood in the upper gallery the rain was falling in a silver shower upon the tiles below. We refreshed our minds with the old stories; for it is to this palace we must come and come again for the fountains of our information; and within these enchanted Moorish walls we find ourselves taken back in books and paintings to the old city as it was. We are conscious of the romance of the East, which is concentrated here and here becomes self-conscious. In this deserted court we catch the life which, passing, haunts it still.

The palace itself reveals to us how, when the last Moors had been driven from Spain to Africa, Isabella, in the Alhambra, must have been filled with wonder and romance, and, believing nothing impossible, sent Columbus on his wild quest. We know how Ferdinand's fleets pursued the Moors, and placed a chain of forts before their cities. One watched the harbor of the Algerines.

It was then that Baba-Aroudj, the Corsair,

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came sailing out of the East, and, strangling the Emir, made himself master of El-Djezair. Khair-ed-din, his brother, succeeding him, found himself on the edge of a precipice, the hostile Spaniards about him, the hostile Moors below. He appealed to the Sultan at Constantinople and made himself the Sultan's vassal. Then were sent two thousand Turkish braves or Janissaries. The fort fell. El-Djezair was under Turkish rule.

Khair-ed-din connected the island with the mainland by a jetty which is said to have taken thirty thousand Christian slaves some three years to construct. Thus a harbor was enclosed, which to-day forms the inner and military harbor of the French Algiers.

The story of the Turkish period, thus begun, is written in blood. Gradually the Janissaries increased in power. They demanded from the Sultan who appointed the Pacha or Dey, an Agha to represent their rights, the Agha to be elected from their number by themselves. Finally, after a revolution, they gained the privilege of electing the Dey. His election was now merely sanctioned by the Sultan, after having been heralded by a magnificent gift. Thereafter, the fort on Cape Matifou no longer saluted

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incoming rulers when their ships were despoiled, approaching from the East. El-Djezair had become to all intents and purposes an independent government of the Turkish soldiers. Such was the historical consequence of the Barbarossas' deed.

The Dey was now the Janissaries' tool, murdered whenever they became dissatisfied, or when a rival faction to that which had elected him increased in strength. Yet no one could refuse to serve, and scarcely any died a natural death. The factions between the Janissaries caused constant strife.

Upon one memorable day the divisions were so nearly matched that five rulers, it is said, were elected by first one and then the other, and as quickly murdered by the opposite side; until, in despair of agreement or fear of self-annihilation, they decided to go forth and to consider as the chosen one the first man whom they met leaving the mosque from evening prayer. He chanced to be a poor cobbler around whom they congregated and addressed him as "Dey!" Poor man! The Arabian Nights had come too true for him. His knees knocked together and he besought them of their mercy to let him go his way. But there was no escape for him;

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and it is recorded of him that he made one of the wisest and best of the rulers of this period. For his predecessors, the five less than ephemeral sovereigns of a day, five magnificent tombstones side by side commemorate their names.

Though the Turks kept no clear records, their relations with other countries are written in the records of all of them. El-Djezair, the Valiant, became from the time of the Corsair Baba-Aroudj the City of the Holy Wars, the headquarters of Mussulman piracy, and the seat of an unparalleled slavery. That Dey who most encouraged these depredations was most popular at home and therefore most secure. Christian captives of every race and rank were subjected to the most incredible hardships, as Sir Lambert Playfair's "Scourge of Christendom" makes only too clear. On no less an authority could some of the tales be believed.

And what did the European nations do? England is a fair example of the rest. Among her quaint old books is one discussing the matter of Christian slavery in Algiers (as it was called in English), and pleading that Parliament should ransom British subjects. The question was discussed and ransoms

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were paid from time to time. Yet Charles II. signed one of the most humiliating treaties ever made by the English nation, in which he disclaimed any responsibility for freeing British subjects in captivity. Individuals might ransom them if possible. It was not a matter in which the government would interfere.

So for three hundred years this piracy in the Mediterranean and on the Seas, this slavery at the gates of Europe, stole from her nations many of their best. And for three hundred years those Christian civilized nations might so easily have crushed it—reports of the weakness of the fortifications and the smallness of the navy often reached them—yet for three hundred years they permitted it to exist, nay, fostered its existence, paying the tribute demanded for immunity in guns and ammunition to be used against themselves. And all because of that world-old fear that one of them should gain more than another; and that still more reprehensible desire to maintain this scourge for use against each other. Said one of the monarchs of France, “If there were no Algiers I would create one!”

Yet France, her nearest neighbor, was in most constant feud with her, and the greatest

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sufferer. Against France she leveled her most daring insults. And always, upon the approach of avenging French vessels, the French consul was imprisoned, and in some cases—I quote Col. Playfair—shot from a cannon. Once, so Col. Playfair records, when a French fleet anchored in the harbor, the consul was shot out to them from a mortar. The cannon is now preserved at Brest. The Algerines called it Father Fortunate; the French, La Consulaire.

That Mustapha Dey, who began his reign in 1799, confirmed all the former iniquity of Algiers against France. On the thirtieth of September, 1800, the great Napoleon himself agreed to a humiliating peace. He had larger matters on his hands and, being unable to concentrate a force across the water, signed a treaty to the effect that bygones should be bygones and the French should pay 300,000 piastres to the Dey. This humiliation not appearing sufficient to the Sultan at Constantinople, the French consul and all his countrymen were forced to leave Algiers.

To Mustapha Dey came the frigate *George Washington* to arrange for the tribute from the United States. This vessel, lying in the entrance to the harbor, was what Mustapha

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needed to carry his accession gift to the Sultan at the Porte; and he promptly requisitioned the frigate, much to the indignation of the people of our country, who were slow to feel that we must follow the example of the older states of Europe.

It is interesting to know in this connection that in after years the United States became the first of the nations to refuse to pay tribute to the Algerine Deys; that England still later, in 1816, roused herself and suppressed forever the Christian slavery; and that, at the taking of Algiers in 1830, the French followed the plans and suggestions of a United States consul.

Long before this, Mustapha himself, the arrogant ruler of the last of the eighteenth century, found himself powerless in the hands of his own Janissaries, and fled, so tradition tells us, to his summer palace, now the Château d'Hydra, where he was captured through treachery and murdered.

He was one of the last of the Deys, for the iniquity of the Janissaries was well-nigh accomplished. The story of Turkish evil in Algiers is finished.

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

THE incoming tide of light floods the little room in the villa. The large French windows stand wide open to it, and it falls upon the warm-hued rugs and the small hexagonal red tiles, such as are used everywhere about Algiers in both French and Moorish houses. It reaches one corner of the writing table before an old gilt mirror, and touches to brightness the inevitable old-world pair of candles that after dark-fall shed a dim, religious light; and it wakes the flowers the dear little French maid Sophie always keeps there, in order that whenever we enter we may be greeted by the fragrance and the color which suggest the larger world just outside.

It is the villa in the orange grove, beneath whose trees grow narcissi and violets, where roses climb the steps below the windows, and the air is full of the scent of blossoms and the song of birds. There are moonlit nights in the orange grove when the moonbeams

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blend with the fragrance; and dark nights, when Sophie, among the rose vines in the doorway, holds high her lamp above her head to guide the guests to the hotel; and hearing their returning footsteps comes out to light them in again.

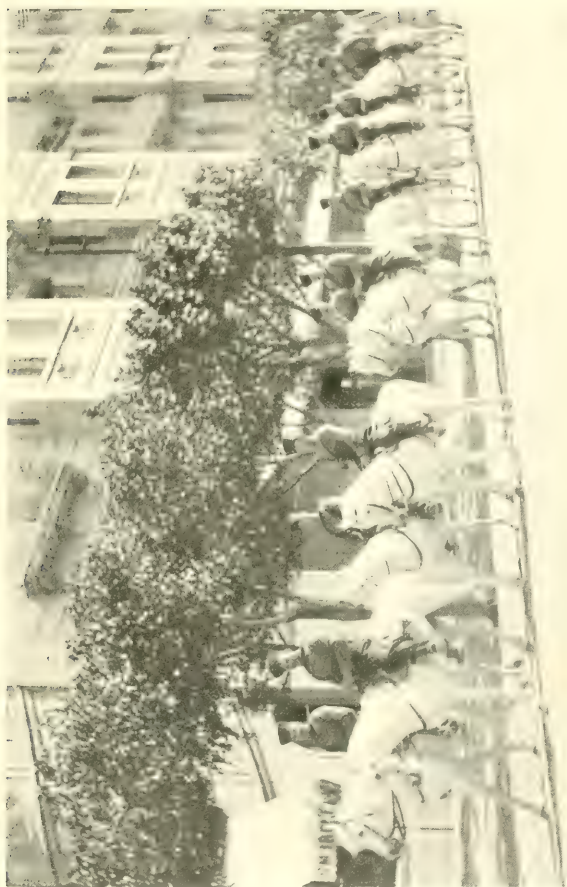
But now it is morning in Mustapha—Mustapha, high on the Sahel and nearer the curve of the bay than is the city of Algiers. Across its waters are snow-capped mountains. On our own side, nearer the sea, a profile of Algiers on her hills. From our windows we can watch the ships come and go in the harbor, and the thousand changes of expression of the white city guarded by its fortress light, and now glowing brightly under the risen sun.

Gradually from the distance there grows the sound of singing, swelling ever fuller, a jaunty rhythmic air with yet a minor cadence that never fails in martial music.

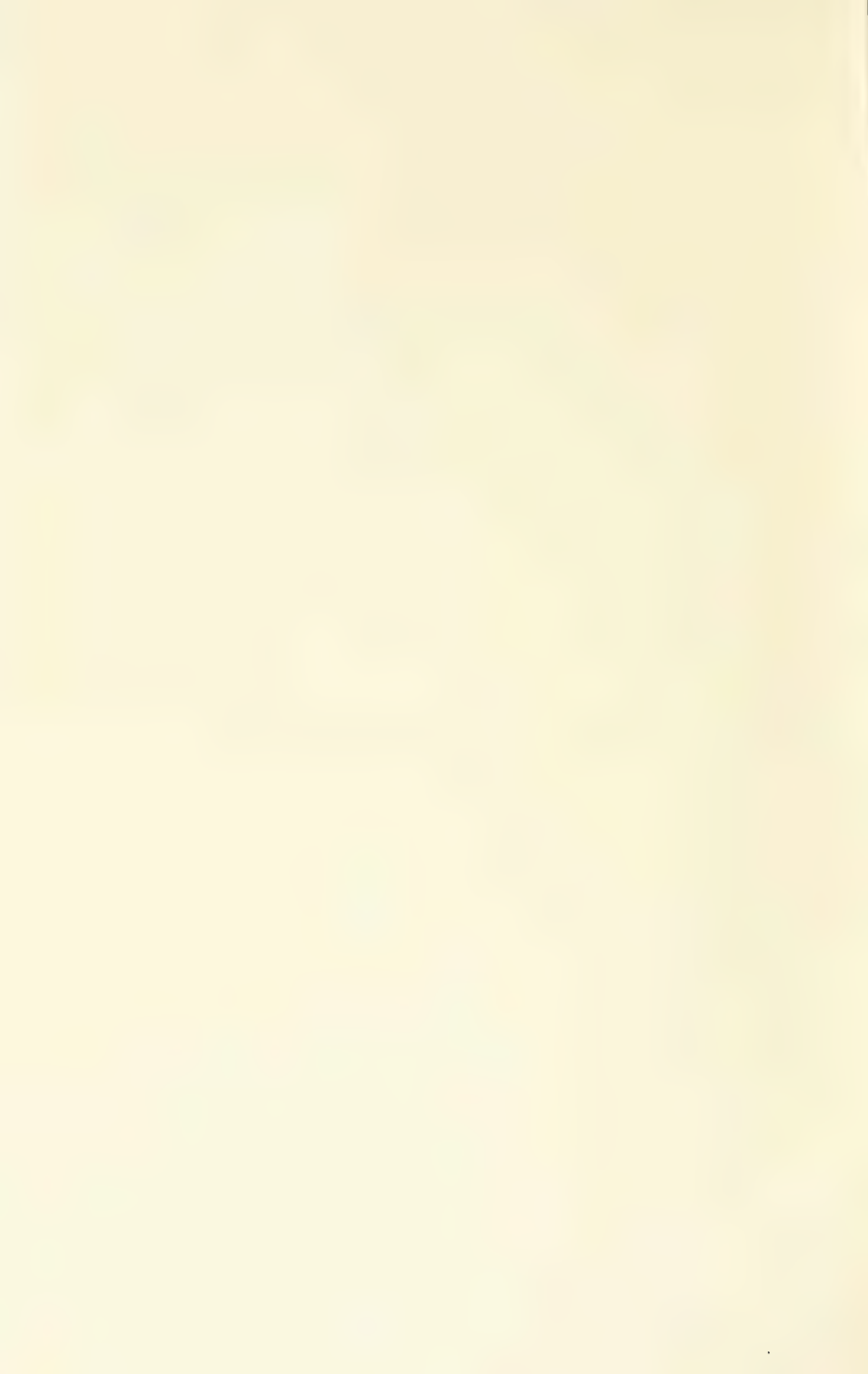
“Ah oui, c’est qu’elle est belle avec ces châteaux forts,
Couchés dans les près verts, comme les geants morts!
C’est qu’elle est noble, Alger la fille du corsaire!
Un réseau de murs blanc la protégé et l’enserre.”

It is the French soldiers riding by, with their Turkish costumes and horses of Arab breed. Sunlight, the French soldiers—it is To-day.

High noon brings us to luncheon at the



The French Soldiers



THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

Château d'Hydra over against Mustapha, near the village of Birmandreis. For miles it commands the country and some of those miles are its own. Vineyard and field stretch in every direction. We enter the large outer garden with its palm-bordered drives, pass under the great gate and across the first court, leaving the carriage at the entrance to the second. On one side of the second court is the doorway to the house proper. It leads into the master's old reception-room, the long, narrow hall, with the stone bench running the entire length—now used to receive our outer wraps. At one end of this room is a tiled stairway in the wall. It turns once and brings us at last to the heart of the house. We have entered the inmost court. Such a marvelous little gem! The twisted pillars which support its arches under the galleries are arranged in pairs, Alhambra fashion. Under the soft light, in this secluded and exquisite centre of an Eastern palace, our hostess greets us—a woman, not out of place in it because a product of all preceding days and of all countries—a charming American!

It is a very modern luncheon where conversation flows in various streams in as many languages, and a merry party gain different

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points of view. The dining-room itself and the library are long, narrow apartments on opposite sides of the court. In the library the vaulted ceiling and the tiling of the walls are very fine. This château possesses the rarest collection of tiles, near Algiers. From the library, after luncheon, we wander into the inner garden, which must in Oriental days have been the garden of the harem. It is full of white lilies; and here is the unfailing fountain, its black waters reflecting the white roses which dip into it under delicate and closely overhanging pepper trees. The present owner tells us she has arranged the spot to look as much as possible like the scene of Beauty and the Beast.

Oh, these villas and these villa gardens of Mustapha and of El-Biar—The Well—above Mustapha! What romance of another life clings to them to make the present richer by possession and by contrast. For though some of them are French, and some are improved and sunnier copies, others, like this, are genuinely Moorish. Cold and comfortless, the unchanged Moorish houses may appear; with their tiled floors, the scant amount of sun admitted from without, and the rain often falling, a fountain from heaven, straight

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

into the court. But they are still warm with a presence; and many a story is buried where romance lingers in their glorious gardens, hedged in and terraced on the hills. The hills form a different setting for each one; and even in the new estates the roses have recalled the other days—it is in the very soil—and they cover all things in a gracious tangle of luxuriant and continuous life.

Every old garden is a remembrance. Each house has its special interest and its story. In the garret of one was discovered an English name written by a captive; and a short time ago that same Moorish dwelling, now inhabited by English people, was visited by the grandson of its former owner, who rode up in an automobile to see the ancestral estate! This is but one of the incongruities which cause us a mingling of smiles and of tears.

The note of a violin recalls us from our April thoughts in the garden. There is music in the gallery. We re-enter the house and go up another flight of tiled steps turning between the walls, to the erstwhile apartments of the Moorish harem. Here is the reception-room of the present mistress of this dwelling. Windows on one side of it open to the

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gallery, and at one end overlook the second court. In the centre a dome makes a bay-window, and a circular couch takes up the middle. Here we gather and in the intervals of the music listen to the echoes of the house.

The château dates back to Roman days and has subterranean passages. The story of Mustapha Dey is recalled. Poor Mustapha! We let him pass in peace from this beautiful palace of his. Then we speak of Dr. Bowen of the English consulate, who occupied the house under a later Dey and whose sturdy sense of right led him to undertake dangerous and grewsome duties. Surely it is a place of haunting suggestions; but the American family fill its heart with the sweetest music to be heard in Algiers, and the constant prattle of lovely children. The spell seems broken and lifted and the sunshine streams into the house.

As we drive home we cannot help reflecting that this life of the foreign colony in the Moorish villas on the hills outside Algiers is for us the happiest result of the changes wrought by the French. Here we command what little of the real Oriental life remains visible; while we dwell in its most beautiful

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

shells, and much that might have offended Western eyes is hidden with the retreating Eastern existence in deeper fastnesses. Ourselves, surrounded by every accustomed comfort; it is the poetry, the true ideal in the East, which we may enjoy to the full in all the white chastity of marble, the purity of sparkling fountains.

Perhaps the palace of greatest historical interest to us is enclosed in the Kasba, where was concluded the story of the Deys. This almost impregnable fortress, with its white walls two metres thick, is situated above and behind the old town, and serves the French, as it once served the Turks, to overawe the Moorish population surging up the hill to the foot of its walls. The soldiers who use it as barracks are dressed in the famous Turkish Zouave costume. The name "Zouave," given by the French to their celebrated African regiments, is a corruption of "Zouaoua," one of the most warlike tribes of Kabylia, so warlike that at first they alone were enrolled in the native militia of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. Afterwards the ranks were opened to all Kabyles, Arabs, and Turkish half-breeds. The Turks themselves had been banished from Algeria. It is said that the

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half-breeds took the French bounty and decamped to the enemy. Their ranks were recruited by the French until nothing was left of the Turks but their costume. Yet to see these soldiers turns back the last page of history.

From the battlements of the Kasba one can look far below over the roofs or terraces, the women's private outdoor world. Fortifications ran down on both sides from the Kasba, forming with the sea a triangle which enclosed the city. Within the Kasba itself are the palace and harem buildings of the last two Deys, a minaret and numerous council chambers and dungeons—all irregularly and picturesquely planned.

Many a head has ornamented the grim walls. And upon the great door, now forever closed, hangs the chain, which, grasped by any one, gave the right of appeal. Above is the little iron-barred window from which the Dey looked down on executions.

Ali Khoja was the last Dey but one. Until his time the Kasba had been used solely for government purposes, while the Deys and their families had always lived in one of the palaces in the town. Ali was a man of spirit, and resolved that the ruler should no longer be at the mercy of the Janissaries. One



In the Kashgar

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

dark night, with hired soldiers and some three hundred mules, he left his beautiful palace in the city and moved himself and his treasure within the great fort. One can almost see the silent train winding up the hill. Not till morning did the Janissaries realize what had happened and appear before the Kasba. The Dey turned their own guns against them and the mercenaries held the fort. The Janissaries' stronghold was taken, their power broken, by one from their own number.

We hear still of the fabulous garden Ali Khoja had made in the court of the harem, and may see the minaret of his mosque, where he went to prayer without leaving his fortress. But two years after his bloodless triumph the plague, which was one of the appurtenances of fatalistic Algerine government, descended upon him.

Hussein Dey followed him in the Kasba. In the topmost gallery of the large inner court hangs a small reception pavilion, used by Hussein for important interviews. Its remoteness suggests that the ruler wished to be as far from interruption as possible. Here occurred the famous *coup d'éventail*. And on the terrace in front of his private apartments is the place where Hussein watched

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and smiled at the French ships in the harbor which had come to avenge it.

For just as these Deys were establishing their power above their Janissaries, France suddenly found that the Algerine cup of iniquity was full. Like the last drop or the camel's straw, it was a small thing, in comparison with what had gone before, which finally brought the end: a quarrel between the Dey and the French consul over some money owed to an individual. In exasperation Hussein Dey, usually self-possessed, and superior in all accounts to his adversary, struck the French consul across the face with his fan, and at that one fell stroke lost all his fair dominions. The consul rose in dignity and exclaimed, "This affront is not to me only, but to the King of France!" And Hussein, in his Oriental pride and passion, declared, "I care no more for your master than I do for you!"

The French fleet appeared in the harbor; three years later the French army landed on the west side of the peninsula to storm Algiers from above and behind. The Turks met the army and were defeated. Then General de Bourmont received two messages: one from the Janissaries offering to dispose of the Dey in expiation of the insult; the other from the

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

Dey himself, asking the terms of surrender. The Janissaries were quickly disposed of. The city was surrendered. The Dey, with his suite, was given safe conduct to Italy. And France found herself unexpectedly in possession, not only of Algiers, but of a province—somewhat indeterminate in size, it is true; but approximating the home country itself.

The end of Hussein is pathetic. From Italy he went to Egypt, where he was received by the Khedive Mohammed Ali with Oriental ceremony, and the sympathy which befitted a Mohammedan ruler in so sore a plight. One day, however, immediately after a private interview, Hussein was seized with convulsions and died.

So ends the story of the Deys of Algiers. But once a year a vision of the ancient splendor returns in one of their palaces. For a few hours the dream comes true, the romance and story suggested by the old dwellings become visible. This is on the occasion of the grand annual ball of the Governor-General of Algeria—which realizes our imaginings of the court of Solomon. This year it took place in the most completely exquisite of all buildings near Algiers, the palace of

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the Deys at Mustapha, reserved as the summer palace of the French Governor. Without and within are upper and lower colonnades of arches; the inner walls are lined with lacy openwork; and the beams, we fancy, are the cedars of Lebanon. On the night of the ball the court was thronged with a great and somewhat incongruous assembly, principally French, who pushed up into the galleries and rooms above. But there were other guests who gave the character to this occasion. The invitation is a summons to the Arab chiefs of Algeria, Aghas and Bach-Aghas. They are the influential heads of tribes, to whom the French government has given an official position to bind them to itself, and through them, the tribes, for whose allegiance and good conduct they are responsible. These men came up to the city several days before the ball, and were everywhere about the streets, in their magnificent robes, their flattering French decorations, pompous and fat because of their inactive lives. Others also, like the grandson of the last Dey, were present, prisoner-guests. A stately procession it was in which these Arab chiefs greeted the Governor. Afterward, whether disturbed by the heat, or proud dis-

THE PASSING OF THE DEYS

dain of the curiosity they excited, many of them did not linger in the house. Outside, the gardens were aglow with lights: blue as moonlit water along the borders; rose-red like brilliant flowers in the luxuriant foliage; yellow as dates, hanging in clusters from the tall palms. All the palace, arches and domes, was outlined with soft lights. Most fairy-like of all was the large outer court and fountain, lighted by the surrounding arches, and open on one side to the garden and the garden fountain. Here the Arabs sat about or stood in groups of conscious grandeur and wonderful color. And over all, the moon shone.

That one night of the ball, in the corners of the stairway stood native men in costume with raised swords, as if to guard the vision. Yet it vanished with the morning like a scene from fairy-land. Just that one ball and nothing more—except a few tokens left behind which prove to us that it was real: the rich old family jewels and heirlooms which some of the Aghas were obliged to sell to pay the expenses of the journey, and which may be found in a shop in Mustapha.

Even the palace is deserted. The Governor no longer lives in it since his own beloved

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son died there; a recent sorrow whose association is personal and fresher than haunting Turkish tragedies. The palace stands lonely, left to the stranger. The Governor shuns it, yet the country about it is no longer under the spell of the Orient. The walls are broken down, and in the openings grow the asphodels.

In the city, only Lazarus remains.

LAZARUS

LAZARUS

IN the morning we would see Lazarus. The walls are broken down, the man at the gate of the city is asleep, and we penetrate to the inner stronghold of the hidden life.

Sunshine and clouds flit over the road which winds down to the city—a magnificent road, splendidly built, for France is a road-making country, and roads mean history. Some of these are reminiscences of the Romans, traversing on Roman foundations the old Roman ways. Such is the old road to Mustapha, now a discarded short cut, shut in by high walls. On the new way rich foliage hangs over the path beside us, and always in view is the laughing water of the beautiful bay we are nearing. But the first object we meet is one of the cross-shaped wine-carts. No railway goes over the Sahel by the shore; and this fine road is the scene of constant struggles, where horses of the frail Arab build draw loads too great by far.

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Day and night since we took up our abode in the villa there has floated to us from the distance, mingled with the creak of the brakes and the crack of the whips, the harsh cry of the drivers, that one sound which we hear at the very first above all others and which haunts us as long as we stay more persistently than any other and seems to express a melancholy influence in Algiers.

It is a relief to see the little burden-bearers of the city—the donkeys. A flock of them is the most characteristic sight of Algiers and of the surrounding country, and one not unworthy to serve as the arms of the city. Camels now rarely come into the streets.* But these little beasts are everywhere. They

* This fact caused the writer some chagrin. How was it possible to return from Africa to America without having seen a camel—except the baby in French captivity at the French Jardin d'Essai? Reports of a dromedary seen at the Kasba reached us from time to time, but always arrived too late. Trips into the country failed to procure the coveted sight. Lamentations on the subject became so well known that friends who journeyed on into the desert sent back photographs of the elusive animals. Fortunately the ship on which we sailed from Algiers stopped at Tunis, and from the window of a trolley in the latter city we perceived a drove of camels on the Boulevard. The reputation of a certain traveler, who must be truthful at all costs, was saved.

Shortly after our return we chanced to walk upon the main street of a Pennsylvania town. Our surprise may be imagined, when we beheld a camel moving majestically down the sloping avenue toward us. His air was that of superior disdain of his surroundings, and he bore a rider in full Arab dress. We stood transfixed with astonishment. Afterward we learned that he belonged to a neighboring circus—but America had triumphed.

LAZARUS

go up and down the flights of stairs in the old town, wearing baskets like inverted sun-bonnets, and carrying everything from building stone to dust and drivers.

One cannot blame the native drivers, either of horses or of donkeys, for their imperviousness to suffering. Those merry-hearted, tune-ful French soldiers, who represent authority, sometimes cruelly wound their own beautiful white horses. And the Mohammedans' standard concerning the value of life and of physical comfort for themselves is different from ours. The native workmen of Algiers do not lead an easy existence in spite of native indolence. Sometimes we have seen the drivers get inside the rims of the wheels; and often Arabs themselves push and pull. One hand-load which we witnessed going up a hill consisted of two pianos and a bale of hay. And we have watched old men in single harness drawing large carts of meal sacks on a slimy road.

As we pass down from Mustapha we find Lazarus at the Porte d'Isly, where was once an old gate of the city. Here began the wall which ran from the sea to the Kasba at the top of the hill, and down to the sea on the other side. The gate and the wall are gone,

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and the old fort at this seaward end is even now being demolished. Opposite the fort on an open lot sit all day long some of the poor of Algiers, the venders of oranges; and from each man the government in the person of a tax official extracts a tax each day.

The Porte d'Isly is an excellent place to see the relation between the city and the country outside, between the present and the past. The main roads from the south run into it, and loads of every description come and go. There is building taking up the planted lots around the square, and the groups of little donkeys are always hard at work. Here and there a man from the country sits down beside his mule, and sleeps as undisturbed as if he were out in the open desert, miles from any French habitation. There are sure to be soldiers; or mules with panniers laden and patriarchal drivers; or hand-loads; or shavings-men. It is particularly a resort of the shavings-man. Who or what he is, we have never quite understood; but he has grown to be a familiar figure. Usually he is old and always he carries on his back a huge bundle of shavings between two mats. There is a bit of wall that divides an upper road from one which turns down below; and on



The Fort by the Porte d'Isly

LAZARUS

this wall the shavings-men have their open air club, where they drop their burdens and chat together, or sometimes curl up and go to sleep. Many are our struggles to catch one in our camera, but he is invariably superstitious and invariably melts quickly and mysteriously away, leaving only a blur on the film.

Just as the noonday sun becomes unbearable for us, the orange peddlers roll their cloaks about them, and stretch themselves upon the ground to sleep. Here, at the height of day, on this open square surrounded by French buildings, these figures lie unconscious of all outward things, asleep—asleep just outside the very spot where once was the gate of their city. It is true that thus they may still dream, children of moods, of laughter and of tears, of fiery faith and fatalism, unpractical, all-feeling—and we realize that although the portal is gone we are none the less shut out. But there is something significant about it, this sleep by the fallen gate. It is natural to these people and in this climate to be indolent, and should not of itself cause their race to decay, unless they are brought into contact with other than natural conditions.

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Is it possible that there is in these Arabs, as some Westerners think, a lethargy of the spirit, the result of discouragement, and a suppressed life, which means sure sinking into the deeper sleep?

WITHIN THE CITY GATES

WITHIN THE CITY GATES

WHILE the man at the gate is asleep, we have entered into his city, not once, but many times; have seen the Jewish merchants “discussing argosies” in the public square; have passed through the French portion into the Arab town; have broken bread in an Arab house.

The Arabs always travel with us in the tram from the Porte d’Isly into town. They have long crowded Europeans out of the old diligence which is their own particular sleeping-car, bringing them into the city as if from a battle-field or under the spell of unconsciousness we have noted. Along the street we catch glimpses of their Arabian Nights in the small Arab shops and markets nestled within the outer portions of the large, new French buildings. There are fruits and vegetables and all sorts of household provisions, and the market baskets in rows above the doors. Many shops are filled with the earth-

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enware water-jars used to carry water at the wells in the country. Openings from this thoroughfare reveal flights of stairs leading up on the hill into the old town and the country beyond. Beside the city fountains stand the copper water-jugs, and we envy the grace with which the tribe of water-carriers bear them away on their shoulders as they hurry to supply some Arab house. Is it a wine of enchantment they carry?

In the old city another set of boys are bearing trays on their heads to the public ovens, with the bread which the housewives knead in the morning, and which is brought back to them at night. Thus are the two necessities of life provided.

Our tram turns down to the Place Bresson, where the Municipal Theatre looks across a palm garden to the Boulevard and the sea. Then we enter the narrow way called "Bab-Azzoun"—the French spelling of the Arabic syllables meaning "Gate of Grief," a street so named by the natives when prisoners went to their punishment through the gate at the end of it. Beneath it is a Roman cemetery. But no traces of suffering linger now. The Bab-Azzoun is the fashionable shopping street, where the best French stores of Algiers

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supply the needs of Western costume, and where Fille's, the Algerian Huyler's, is found. Door by door with these are shops of other nationalities; and, most fascinating, those of Turkish dealers who have the much prized Kabyle jewelry and who have collected from old native families heirlooms of ancient Algerian workmanship, their like not to be had in other lands, and from these same old families, spoils of ancient piracy brought from every country on the Mediterranean Sea. Fine cups there are from Damascus, among the rare old embroideries in the Algerian stitch, and the rich jewels in the distinctive Algerian settings. The flowers of a broad but perishing tree are gathered here.

We leave the tram where steps lead up to another square near by, the Place de Chartre, partly in the old town, above and behind a portion of the French city. Here the large provision market is held every morning; and we see what we wished to know, how the physical needs of the life of Algiers are supplied. The vendors are chiefly Arabs, but the meat and the unsalted butter come from France. There are always eggs and chickens; and the Arab chickens are very lean, but the French chickens are fat. There are fresh

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olives and fresh olive oil and the dates and oranges of the country.

Beyond us, on the same level, is the Cathedral square, above the Place du Gouvernement. But we retrace our steps to the Bab-Azzoun, which brings us into the Place and continues beyond it as the Bab-el-Oued, a street which led to another "Gate." Not many outsiders go that way, although it leads to an old garden of the Deys, to the large Lyceum, and to Notre Dame. We walk toward the water instead, crossing the Place du Gouvernement to the end of the Boulevard, the place to watch the produce of Algeria depart. Below us wine casks, cork and dates are waiting for the ships. Beneath our feet are the hidden warehouses behind the arches of the ramparts.

Around us on the Place are French cafés, some frequented by the Moors. They give us a hint of the Algerian Oriental's mode of existence. His is essentially a café life. Where he is poor, his small café in the old town is his club, in many instances his only home.

So we watch the changing life about us, as we wander beneath palms in the far corner of the square, where is the flower market of

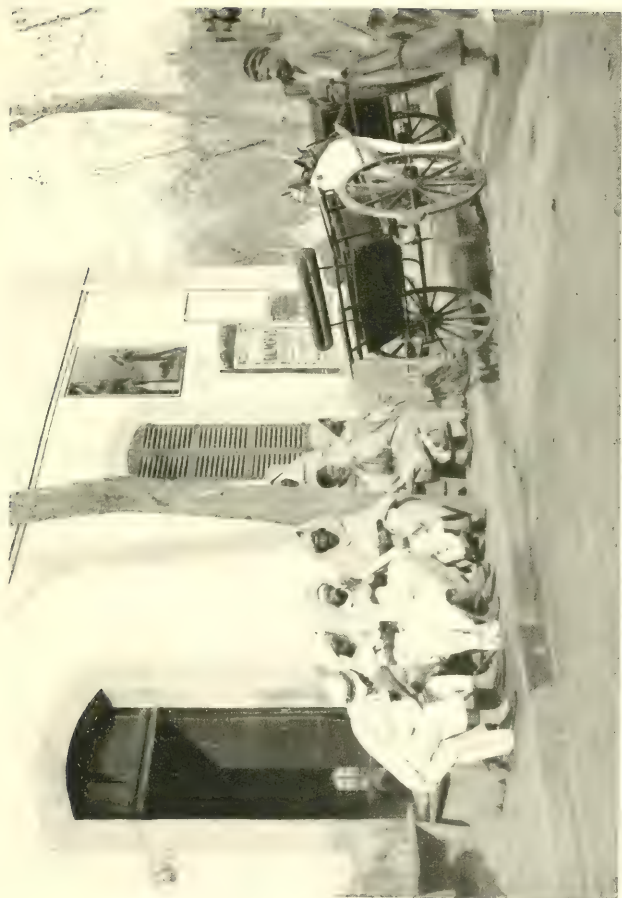
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Algiers. It also is kept by Arabs, but with French bouquets. Under the arcades at one side is a French shop with tin funeral wreathes, suggesting the tie which the French already have in the new country.

We recall the day when we went to an Arab lunch in an Arab house and how it was at the invitation of a French woman, one who had lived among these people all her life and who had learned to speak Arabic before she spoke French. For this experience in her enchanted home we skirted the edge of the old town; climbed through the ancient garden of the Deys upon the hill; and came at last to the gate of iron which was to open for us, between two buildings in an otherwise solid block. We were not sure it led into the passage which we were seeking, but as we hesitated, a fairy Moorish maiden came flying down the street, her haik floating wide, in her hands strings of orange buds, such as all Arabs bring from the market to their wives each evening, to be fastened in and to droop from the hair. This small woman served our hostess, and the flowers were for our own adorning. Fathma assured us we had found the entrance, and flitted up the stairs before us, stairs which seemed in-

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terminable, passing between close walls and under occasional arches that hid the flights beyond. Doors on the landings opened into habitations; and at last we came out on a small open court. Here in the wall is again the fountain, with another flight of stairs at one side. This court leads into the lower floor of the house. Ascending still we reached the heavy outer door, through which we entered the reception vestibule. Another heavy door at right angles opens to a long passage, at the end of which we came at last to the inner court where our hostess met us. This inner place is very fine in workmanship, although, as it is here the upper floor, there is no gallery. On one side double doors give onto a balcony, closely latticed and looking over the roofs below, to the sea. Beautifully carved double doors, with smaller doors cut in them, in the shape of the Moorish arch, open into the three apartments on the other sides. In the end of one of these, under a dome, our luncheon was to be spread. Here were no pictures to offend the eye. All the furniture is in keeping; and we sat on cushions on the floor about a low round table. A brass tray which exactly covered the table was brought in with the first course: mince pie without



Telling Arabian Nights

WITHIN THE CITY GATES

the sweetening, and soft with olive oil. The Moors cook everything in oil, which is quite tasteless if it is pure. As they do not use knives and forks, it is necessary that the meat should be soft enough to break in the fingers; but since this was our first Arab meal, our hostess thought best to provide us with the Western implements.

While we sat at meat, partaking of the Oriental food, brought to us by the soft-stepping, barefoot Oriental maiden, in her red velvet gown,—she who cast a spell upon us with her solemn dark eyes,—our hostess initiated us into many of the mysteries connected with the preparation of Algerine meals and with Algerine customs and life.

Our second course was couscous, the staple native dish of high and low everywhere in North Africa. It is made of hard wheat, of the sort which is also employed for macaroni, but cannot be used for flour.

The preparation of couscous is a somewhat elaborate one, and is woman's chief accomplishment. The whole grains are pounded in a mortar; then rolled in flour by a peculiar motion of the hand, keeping the grains all separated. These are constantly picked out as they grow large enough, and are then

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dried in the sun, after which they will keep for several years. To cook the couscous the Arabs put it over a pottery steamer, under which they have fowl or meat, cut into small pieces. The couscous is cooked entirely by the steam from the meat; and one may imagine that when the grains are ready the meat is also. The white meal is spread in a large, flat dish, and the bits of meat, with beans and lentils, arranged in fancy patterns on top. In another dish the meat juice is served as a sauce; and sometimes a hot sauce of tomato and peppers is added. We each seasoned our own little places in the big dish, and when we had eaten out a small quantity with wooden spoons, poured the bouillon on, like water into holes in the sand.

The Arab bread, which was served with the lunch in wedge-shaped pieces, is very fine and snowy and perfumed with orange. Because there are no real kitchens and no ovens in private houses, the housewives of El-Djezair merely knead their bread, and give it to the bakers' boys who take it to the public ovens.

After the couscous, came serpent cake, soft, rich pastry, with minced meat and nuts and spices, rolled into a bun. Fruit and

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dates followed, and Arab coffee, ground to powder and made thick as a syrup.

The repast over, the pretty Moorish girl who served us brought a pitcher with a long, graceful nose, and poured rosewater over our hands into a basin with a perforated cover.

After the luncheon our hostess took us to the roof of the house, from which we looked over other roofs or terraces, the women's world of out-of-doors, where no man is admitted, even though it be on his own dwelling. For the white street coverings are laid aside, and the pretty costumes, the sweet faces, under the drooping silk kerchiefs, are revealed. The women visit freely from roof to roof, and one may guess the gossip proclaimed from the house tops. Beyond, from every terrace, may be seen the mysterious blue sea, the secret of the power and the fall of the old El-Djezair.

We took leave of our hostess, grateful for a glimpse of the women's life, which is hidden from men, even from those who have visited among the Arabs.*

And having broken bread in an Arab house we went back into that Place du Gouvernement which we had looked upon from above.

* This is frequently mentioned by De Amicis in his "Morocco."

THE FACE OF THE WATERS

THE FACE OF THE WATERS

IN this open square to which we have so often penetrated, in the heart of the city, where once stood the palace of the Deys, we gaze upon the face of the waters, the surface of the Oriental life of Algiers, the throng that first greeted us when we approached by sea. They are a motley throng to decipher, but we hold the key.

It is the dress of the pure-blooded Arab, which, even where modified and changed, gives the character to all. About the head and shoulders falls a fine, white woolen gauze, softening like a cloud the delicate features and transparent olive skin of the face, often a face revealing the beauty and ideality which belong to the Semitic race in the East. This head-covering or haik is bound to a felt cap with yards of camel's hair cord, and is so long that it would trail upon the ground if not gathered up and secured at the waist by a sash. Sometimes Turkish trousers and jacket, or a plain straight white garment are worn;

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but outside of all, holding in the haik about the neck, is the burnous, a great circular cloak, the seamless garment, having a hood which is drawn over the head in bad weather. According to the day are one, two, or even three burnouses worn; and according to the wealth of the wearer is the texture more or less fine. Occasionally, also, the outer cloak is of glorious blue or red, the colors which glowed so richly at the Governor's ball, or it may be of undyed black sheep's wool. The costume allows, perhaps demands, the utmost freedom of movement and the result is remarkable grace.*

The native cavalry or spahis, and the officials in the employ of the French, dress like the Governor's *aide-de-camp*. The haik and the camel's rope remain; and in winter a gorgeous scarlet burnous falls from the shoulders under the chair-back of the saddle, and over each white horse. But beneath is the costume left behind by the Turks and similar to the Zouaves: baggy embroidered trousers, embroidered coats and long leather cavalry boots.

*The costume contrasts strongly with that of Egypt, all the more because there only the lower class among the men wear native dress and therefore no really fine Oriental costumes are seen.



The Meal sack, the Kabyle Costume and the Pure Arab Dress

THE FACE OF THE WATERS

Some of the Moors of the town have exchanged the white haik for the red Turkish fez, which is also worn by the Zouaves. Sometimes one sees a mixture of Turkish and Hebrew costume. The Hebrew color is blue, in stockings and in the turban around the fez. The Moors, who have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, wrap green turbans around their fezes.

All the Moors and their women, except among the poorest, wear neat, low shoes, with white stockings. Those who live outside the town carry their shoes and stockings in their hands on the country roads, and, coming into the city, bathe their feet at one of the fountains and there don their hose and slippers.

The womanhood of El-Djezair is clothed in spotless white. No woman may walk out alone, therefore she goes in the company of several others to shop or pray. We watch them pass the Arab fountain on the jetty, on their way to their own praying place. Some may be degraded; none appear degenerate, none are venders or toilers in the streets.*

As the white walls hide the romance of courts and fountains, the white haik, which

* The opposite is true of the mass of Egyptian women.

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the woman wears as a shawl and which falls over her from the forehead to the knees, conceals the beauty of lace tunics, velvet bodices and rich old family jewels. The size of the white bloomer overalls may be inferred from the fact that the silk trousers beneath them are sometimes nine yards in width. According to the age of the wearer does the width of the garment diminish. This fashion of dressing gives a peculiar bird-like gait, mentioned in very old Arabian stories.*

The face of the Algerine woman, below the eyes, is covered by a white veil called the adjar, held down by the hand which always clasps the haik together. The white brows and dark eyes above the adjar reveal, perhaps more than anything else, the superiority of this race among Orientals.

The Kabyle woman is less frequently seen in Algiers' streets.

The man is sturdier and stockier than the

* At first the costume seemed ungainly to us, but it compared more than favorably with the scant attire at Tunis; which, though it also has the merit of being white, flaps about the legs, while the feet are enclosed in loose slippers, so short as to bring the heel under the instep; and the face is completely covered with two pieces of black cloth, one above and the other just below the eyes.

The snowy costume of the Algerine woman also seems much neater than the flounced European skirts or the long black cloaks of Egypt.

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Arab. His dress is a striped garment, of a carpet-like texture, one of which is supposed to last a life-time.

But what a home he comes from! Of all Algeria for scenery Kabylia is the finest part, and Kabylia of the Djurdjura the best. It is that snow-capped range of mountains over there across the bay. Its picturesque villages, hidden by the distance, crown the tops of sharp spurs, white minarets above clusters of red-tiled cottages. There are villages of the great warlike tribe of the Zouaoua and of the tribe of Aït-Zenni who produce the jewelry. From Kabylia of the Djurdjura comes also the crudely classic pottery. The highest of the Djurdjura mountains is Tamgout Lalla Khadidja—the peak of the Lady Khadidja—more than seven thousand feet above the sea and quite inaccessible from November to May. It is almost opposite a small French fort, which guards the head of the river es-Sahel. Near the summit is the shrine of the Lady Khadidja, a pilgrimage to which is considered by the Kabyles as scarcely less meritorious than one to Mecca. Kabyle womanhood has always had a better position than Arab or Moorish womanhood, the Kabyles having but one wife. Their highest shrine

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among the snows, where they kept safe their ideal of freedom, is to a woman; and it was the capture of a woman saint, Lalla Fatimah, in the Djurdjura, which hastened the submission of Kabylia in 1857.

At the foot of the peak of the Lalla Khadidja runs the great bed of the Oued-es-Sahel. Only a few thin streams can be seen in it; the rest is taken up by groves of ancient olive trees. Not only are Kabyle laws, customs and art said to have come from the Romans, but even these far-away olive trees are said to have been grafted in Roman times. The art was probably lost among the Kabyles, and was only re-introduced by the French.

We withdraw our eyes from the mountains and return to our types in the square of Algiers.

The water-carrier in his blue shirt, with his picturesque copper jug, belongs to the tribe of Biskris, from about Biskra, the most important desert city of Algeria, sought now by foreigners for climate. It is the man of the desert who bears water to the houses of Algiers.

That darker man, whose garment is a long coat of many colors, is a Mozabite. One author says the word is derived from Moab.

THE FACE OF THE WATERS

The Mozabites are not the shepherds, but the killers of sheep, the butchers of Algiers; and they come from oases in the desert, which are the latest annexation of the French. Their women never come with them; and their chief ambition is to make sufficient money to return to their own little country, those secluded, sand-bound islands, where few Christians have set foot. The largest of their seven confederated states is said to be eleven miles by two. Nevertheless, in these small ravines in the far desert the Mozabites have built real cities. They have their capital, Ghardaia; their royal or sacred city; and their commercial depot. All the fertile ground has been laid under high cultivation. This seems a remarkable fact, but came about as a result of necessity in supporting their numbers from so small a space. The farming is carried on largely by the women and children.

In the Place du Gouvernement and everywhere amongst the people move the French soldiers, the visible presence of power, wearing the well-known Turkish "Zouave" costume, so-called in the first place from the tribe of Kabyles, the mountain-folk of Algeria.

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They swing along the roads, singing their rollicking strains, and are very brilliant and jaunty in the full red trousers, white blouses and blue jackets, with the red fezes hanging—one does not know how—on the backs of their heads. The cavalry are mounted on white horses; for the pure Arab steed, though no longer existing here, has given the Algerian horses their color. It is snowy under the long, red cloaks which the native cavalrymen wear in winter.

There is also, now, in this Place du Gouvernement every variety of costume, every type and mixture of types; stately white-robed patriarchs with umbrellas! But even the poorest workman, with a brown mealsack serving him for a hooded burnous, surprises us with the suggestions of grace and ideality he gives the homely thing. In whatever guise, the native has the same freedom of motion, and makes even carrying hods as graceful and rhythmic as a strain of music.

Our camera is always with us for illustration; but our intentions are not unkind, and it requires much care not to cause distress to the poor native of Algiers and thus stand in the way of our own investigations. Not that his poverty gives him any shame—though a

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sharp bargainer, he is at all times superior to material discomforts or pride; and, moreover, lays all blame upon the broad shoulders of the French government—but he fears the camera as the evil eye. Its blackly magical power has even been proved to him. Has he not viewed, exposed for sale in windows and hung above the paper stands, the images of his friends who have faced the instrument, not for gold but for a few paltry coppers? Perhaps he finds himself. And since he believes no image can be made with the consent of the object unless something of the soul goes to form it, he knows that he is scattered on post cards to the four winds of the earth. This experience, instead of hardening, serves in most cases to make him more wary.

It must not be imagined that the desire to increase by reluctance the value of posing leads these men to shun the eye of the lens; only in respect to certain half-breed, devil-may-care boys can this be true. They dance before us, urging, "Photographie! Photographie!" But the only genuine pure-blooded Arab who ever stood for us refused to be paid. Occasionally, as in a group which we took outside of a café, the men who have lost

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their "prejudices" will smile assent to us, but there is sure to be an objector in the group who scowls darkly and wishes to be assured that he is not within the range. The sincere Mohammedan slips away in evident deep discomfort from this weapon of the soul; and pennies will not bribe the children or the women. Women may have no souls to be destroyed, but the men object for them. One day within the old town, two unveiled women posed for us in a doorway. A man came by and stopped to talk with them. He himself was taken—with full cognizance, as we thought, believing him to be one of the "un-prejudiced." Accordingly, when he asked pleasantly in French if the photograph were done, we answered guilelessly, "Yes." What he said to the women we never knew. We had stepped into the vestibule of a French house to change the roll of film. Suddenly we were besieged by a crowd of amazons, in soft clothes and carrying cigarettes; the eyes of some ablaze with fury, others adding fuel to the flames by their amusement. Our compulsory hostess enjoyed the scene with avidity. We smiled and smiled, like Shakespeare's famous villain; and either because of our desire to be propitiatory, or because we were

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in a French house, we came out with a whole camera.

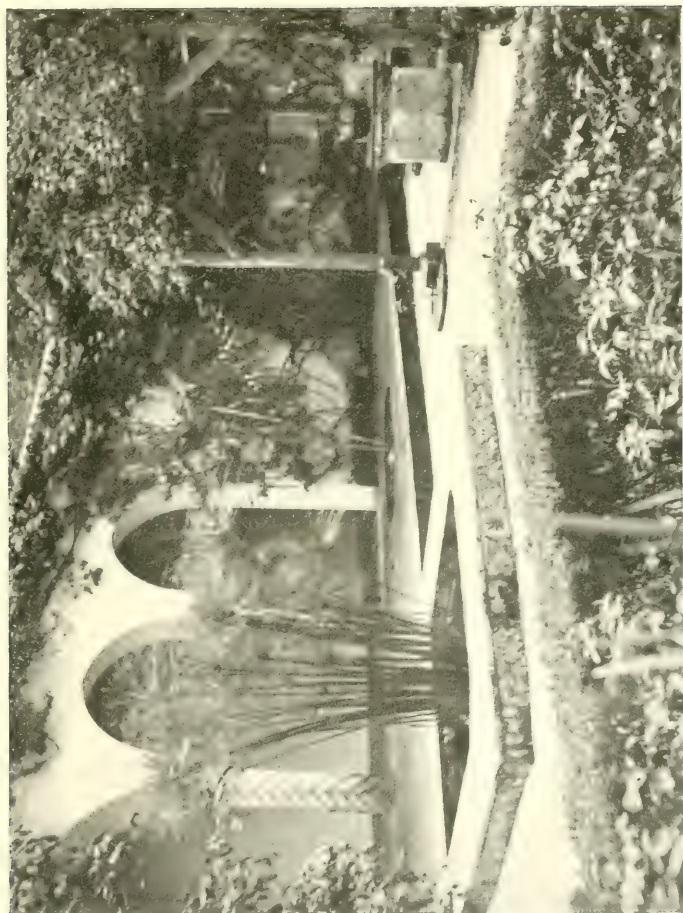
This photographing is to true Mohammedans but another form of insult from that western civilization which destroys not the body only; and to the small boys but another excuse for the mischief which possesses them. These particular youngsters are so merry, so winsome in spite of dirt, more anxious for a smile to which they can respond than they are for coppers; but it is their merriment which is uppermost, and as we pass through the Arab town they always spy the camera and fly delightedly ahead, warning the women away with that cry of "Photographie!" or exultantly telling them their pictures have been taken. Among the men the humor which is so characteristic of these people is revealed, when they watch and even assist us to photograph others who are not conscious of what is going on, while they themselves keep carefully behind us. Sometimes the interested, idle crowd becomes overpowering and we give up lying in wait, and flee.

We do not intend to hurt feelings with our camera. After all, who among ourselves has not some pet superstition which has power to cause him anguish; who among us would

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like to be photographed at church or at prayer? Yet that is exactly what a European woman attempted in a mosque in the heart of the Arab town this winter—to her own extreme discomfiture, for one ragged beggar threw his arms about her neck. In their own eyes, and as a psychological consequence in reality, they must become degraded by having no recourse to revenge. They are helpless in this as in other matters pertaining to their religion. They are forced to admit Christians to their mosques, where once such pollution could only have been wiped out in blood. It is a question as to what is the effect upon them, of their taking the fees given them for the privilege of entering their most holy places. There are times, however, when, even were we disposed, we should not dare to do violence to their beliefs. We two women have gone through the entrance passage and have stood alone in the court of the temple while these tall men came from prayer. Some of them caught sight of the machine, folded away under an arm, and angrily brushed against us as they passed; most of them were uplifted far above seeing us; and the camera was kept reverently closed.

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The Fountain

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WE stand in the Place du Gouvernement beside Mohammed, looking down upon the jetty, the jetty of Khair-ed-din, at the Spanish fort, and the mole itself, built by the Christian slaves.

Along it, where the low, white barracks now extend, were the former Christian prisons; while under the fine old arches of the present Admiralty, which was the house of the Captain Pacha, and is now one of the most perfect Moorish houses remaining in Algiers, is probably the place where the slaves were landed. We have gone down to this spot sometimes, close to the mysterious power of the sea, where the Past entirely enfolds us.

Beyond the arches, in the wall of the house, is the fountain, one of the finest spared by the French. White groups of women pass on their way to their small praying place in a filled-in arch, where the keeper sits below the level of the threshold, his turbaned head

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just visible, and two palms keep guard beside the door.

There is a picturesque old Turkish prison at one end of the island; and hidden away, around a corner in it, a rich old door. In the arch above the door are the only images of living things to be found in Oriental Algiers. They are two mosaic lions, made by a captive Persian, a Fatimite Mohammedan, whose creed permitted it. The beauty of the creation proved its right to exist. In spite of all changes and destructive forces, it is undisturbed to this day.

The crowning charm of jetty and island and harbor is always the white lighthouse of Hassan, springing lightly from the Spanish fort, with the Spanish arms above the door. Each night it glows over the water, in which lay the strength of the Algerines; warns the ships of danger, guides them home to port—still shines out as the spirit of the ancient El-Djezair.

In the morning it is finest to walk out on the smooth masonry which forms the French continuation of the jetty, enclosing the larger harbor; and there, with the fresh wind blowing and the sound of the breakers in our ears, to look back at the terraced white city,

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the sunlight falling full upon it. Here and there, at our feet on the rough masonry, are boys engaged in that most fascinating sport for all ages and all grades of civilization—fishing; and down among the irregular blocks which break the force of the sea are Arabs lying in the sun and wind, out of sight of our modern life, again asleep and dreaming.

Ascending from the mole to the point of the city from which it extends, we seldom return by the branch of the new-made boulevard overlooking the shore, but walk up the street which leads directly from the jetty. It was a Roman street, this Rue de la Marine, but its attraction now is the Moorish mosque, the oldest in Algiers, restored by the French after the bombardments which partly wrecked it. The mosque's long outer colonnade is surmounted by serrated horseshoe arches, and contains a black marble fountain surrounded by columns, grouped as in the Alhambra. Within its courts one realizes that the old life does indeed go on, the life whose essence is faith. Though it flows in hidden ways, in streams and undercurrents, less and less evident beneath the French structure growing above it, yet it is there. The portal of the temple is the only entrance to it;

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within, the only place where one may catch a glimpse of the Moor's real existence. Just inside the gates of the temple sit the Eastern beggars: women and children. In the outer court is the law office of the Cadi; for the law is interpreted solely from the Koran, and minor differences between Mohammedans are settled by the Cadi, to whom they go for knowledge of the law. In the mosque proper are arches and pillars unadorned—pillars behind pillars, half revealing, half concealing distance, unfolding vistas suggestive of infinity. Across an arm of the building is an inner court and the holy fountain of ablutions. Five times a day must the Mohammedan bathe his limbs, and must utter his profession of faith in eight different postures. Between seven and noon there is no regular prayer time and we are permitted to photograph. But there is always some one praying, his little pile of surplus garments at the foot of the pillar beside him, where he laid them when he went to the fountain. His face wears that strange expression when the light of the eyes is inward. Round and round he twirls his finger, his lips move, his eyes are fixed. When the prayer is over and he walks away he seems scarcely to tread the

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earth. At the door to the outer court he once more raises his arms above his head, his last posture of devotion, then bends to slip his shoes on and walks out, wearing that exalted expression which is the only change we ever witness from the mask of stoical impassivity. We think the prophetic dream of old is here to-day in the mosque. Or do we see with the outer eye our inner dream of it?

At three the flag is flying from the minaret for the hour of prayer. Then, especially on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, the day on which God created Adam, there is quite a company in the mosque, sitting on the floor in a circle around the reader of the Koran, who faces the sack, the position of which indicates the direction of Mecca. One day, in her interest, the writer unconsciously walked out of the big slippers with which Europeans must cover their unholy shoes; and later discovered them lying side by side many yards away across the floor, their brilliant red loudly calling attention to her delinquency. Could she reach them before a Mohammedan discovered the sacrilege! Fortunately, the devoutness of the worshipers was her protection and shield. Every minute

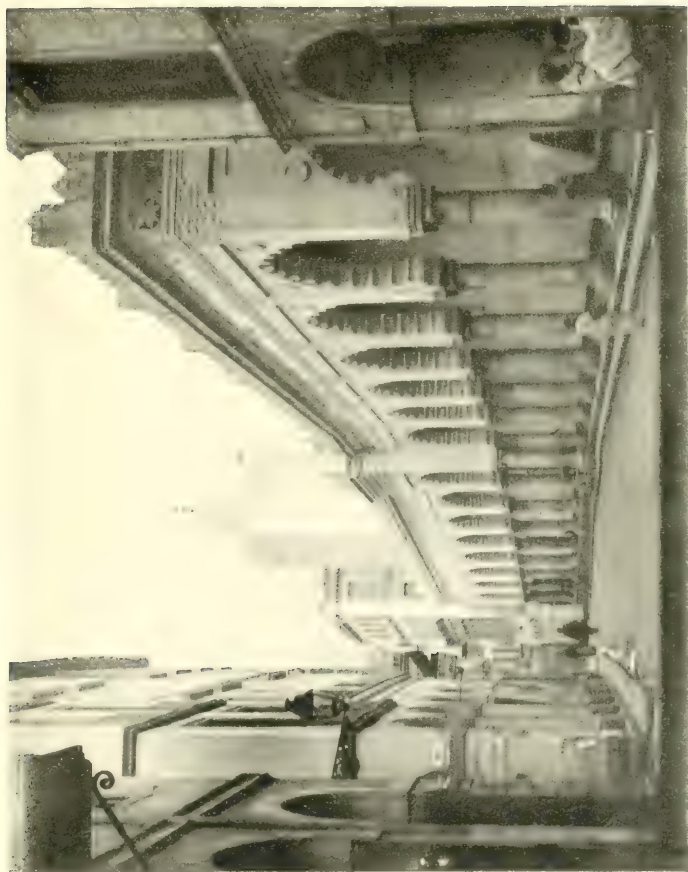
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of that soft journeying was torture lest her movement should direct some eyes toward the telltale objects. But not one worshiper appeared to notice her.

That devoutness,—is it purer worship, at least more for the sake of the other world and less for this, than our prayers? For the Mohammedan is a fatalist. Though God slay him, yet will he say: “Allah is great.” His prayers are prayers of adoration, rather than prayers of petition.

Once at evening at the close of Rhamadan, through the good offices of one who has known the Arabs many years, a small company of us were admitted to a mosque to see the ceremonies which end the long fast. It is that Turkish mosque, the Mosque de la Pécherie, on the corner of the Place du Gouvernement, and it belongs to the Malekite sect. The Long Mosque, the older Moorish building, in which also the festival was kept, but which has no gallery for guests, is the property of the Hanefites. Both sects are Sunnites, or orthodox believers, in distinction from the Shiites, the Fatimite unorthodox sect of Persia.

This mosque on the Place du Gouverne-



The Long Mosque

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ment is built upon the side of the cliff and, singularly enough, in the form of a cross. It is said to have been constructed for the Turks by a Christian slave who was an architect, and who perished for his temerity in giving it this shape, that his blood might purify the temple. There is a wooden gallery leading in from the level of the street. In this gallery we were permitted to stand, gazing down upon the scene. Countless candles illuminated it; countless silent figures moved about below us. There was neither the sound of voice nor of foot. Gracefully and naturally the groups changed, and arranged themselves along the edges of the lines of carpet, facing the reader. The shoes lay in rows before them, or were tucked into any convenient niches in the wall.

The haiks were all removed. Each head was covered with a red fez, each pair of shoulders with the pure white cloak. When the reader began there were responses and prayers; the worshipers, sometimes all standing, sometimes seated, moving in successive waves, as a field of flowers when the wind passes over it. There is a gallery in the center of the cross, and from it a choir of boys chanted in the intervals of the reading; while at times,

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boys moved among the congregation, sprinkling the hands or the heads with the dew of fresh jasmine water. We also were anointed. Beside us in our high position, the mayor, the prefect of police, and several soldiers watched; the first two, at least, as invited guests. Standing there in that old wooden gallery above a visionary throng, made more so by the rigors of the fast, strange thoughts of Samson came into our minds. But the service was over safely; the worshipers carried off the candles; and we stepped into the outer darkness, pausing to thank the sheikh before we left.

It has been with deeper understanding that from this time on we have traversed the hidden ways of the ancient El-Djezair.

Many are our trips through the narrow passages of the old town. They bear strange names, these streets. The Arabs called them, when it was necessary to designate them at all, by some familiar mark—as we would say, the street where the blacksmith lives. The French caught the sounds and, with careful attention to detail, tried to reproduce them in French spelling and—possibly to his horror—labeled the Arab's streets in the very stronghold of his silence with neat little signs.

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So was named the Rue Soggemah in which is the one Oriental bazaar in the old town. It is in a Moorish building, where, if you but understand the Oriental spirit and have the Oriental soul's superiority to time, you may bargain for rugs and old embroideries and jewels, prayer ornaments, rings, and pins to fasten the haiks, like fans spreading back to the stick and secured from slipping by a large crescent on the pin itself. Here is the Kabyle jewelry, found everywhere. It comes from the tribe of Aït-Yenni, and was only done in silver, but now is made of base metal. The Kabyle jewelers have never worked in gold. Two kinds of a pattern are usually made, one enameled and the other plain, or only ornamented with bits of coral. You may also find the modern brasswork: lamps and coffee-pots and those Oriental cups which make such charming Western finger-bowls.

Farther on and up the town grows deep and silent, as are the ebbing streams of its life. The steep streets, unlike those of other Oriental cities, are washed to a certain cleanliness by the rains. Sometimes a rich-robed figure emerges quietly from a low door; veiled women glide past us out of old stories. They remind us of the lily and her lowly

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origin in earth—as does the best in the Arabian tales.

But here are no gay bazaars, such as we hear of in Tunis and Cairo; no more sign of vitality than a few small provision shops, with their long strings of onions, and their shorter and sweeter strings of orange buds. Nobody seems working in the old town, except the tribe of water-carriers in their long blue shirts, with their copper jugs on their shoulders, bringing refreshment and purification to these city houses from the fountains in the streets.

Yet behind the silence tiny fingers are weaving wondrous webs. In one Moorish house little girls are learning the embroidery stitch which their great-grandmothers knew. Early in the French occupation, a French-woman, realizing that the art of Algerian embroidery was dying, founded this school which her granddaughter carries on. From the beginning they collected the rare old pieces, once so lavishly done: napkins long enough to encircle the table and to cover the laps of ten; fine indoor head-coverings of the women; even exquisite caps for drying the hair. For a time these little girls will continue the beautiful work of the Moorish past,

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with all its suggestion of poetry. Attempts have been made in this school to teach the children reading, but the parents object, for it injures their chances of marriage. They leave their benefactress soon after their work becomes valuable; but she still cares for those who have grown old since her grandmother's time.

In another Moorish building little girls are making the soft rugs which win the Western hearts. A row of these children, each with her henna-dyed hair in a long braid wound with a kerchief, is a quaint picture. They copy patterns placed above their work, and some of the little ones are so small they are obliged continually to climb upon the bench to see. But their wee fingers pick out the threads of the loom, and tie and cut the wool or silk, faster than our eyes can follow. An error, detected by the next look at the copy, is as rapidly taken out. When we visited the school, some of the quickest children were but nine years old and had been scarcely six months there. As we stood in the Moorish court, hung round with rugs, and with looms upon all sides, there floated down to us, from the gallery above, the sound of children singing—the voices of other little work-

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ers—sweet and cool and clear as bird-notes or the splash of a fountain in the court.

Boys, in the good old Oriental days, were taught to read and write the Koran. Now, many of them attend the French schools and the Lyceum, to be educated with French boys. Sir Lambert Playfair seemed to think that this was a mistake.

The Lyceum itself is one of the finest buildings in Algiers and can board eight hundred students. The course is exactly like that of all other Lycées in France, but the objection is the mixture of Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan boys.

All through the narrow passages of the old town we find always in the otherwise almost deserted streets these children, the new life of El-Djezair. They line our path on either side, or flit shyly up and down the steps of some cross street, making it a veritable Jacob's Ladder. The girls are all called Fathma, for the daughter of the prophet, with some individual name beside; the first-born sons are all Mohammeds and their brothers bear some variation of that revered name, or one of its attributes, such as Abdallah, Slave of God. But the boys wear the responsibility of their great name with a light

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satisfaction, as boys are apt to do; and the girls!—the girls are born coquettes, with sweet and musical voices, and lithe and graceful forms. Their beauty is their one chance for preservation. They are irresistibly winning as they dance beside us, their heads on one side, their exquisitely formed, henna-stained hands held out while they chant a sort of sing-song, “*Merci, Madame; Madame, merci!*” They do not arrive at the dignity of womanhood: that is, they are not taken off the streets and veiled, until they are ten or twelve, or begin to show an interest in the mirror. They are married at twelve or thirteen, old at thirty. Even in their brief childhood these girls are burdened with the care of smaller children, often carried on the back to enforce the plea for money. Two of these little mothers we see almost every day at a place where we change cars. Poor little hard-worked girls with their great, wistful dark eyes—one wonders what becomes of them if they return empty-handed. Can we hope that wife-beating fathers will spare their little ones? Yet the instincts of the Moors are not brutal and there are many evidences that they are affectionate parents. Frequently we see poor fathers leading their

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children tenderly by the hand. There is also a Moorish official whom we often notice accompanied by his daughter, in her cunning Moorish costume, the exact copy of a woman's, except uncovered by the white overgarments. His is a beautiful dreamy face and he watches her with loving pride, as if she embodied for him the mystery of life in an ideal relation. Moorish children, even of the better class, do often appear dirty and neglected, especially in the case of sons, and so we find them in fine Moorish gardens; but it seems not out of place in the garden, for it is a reminder of magic, though the magic of the evil eye, which the parents thus attempt to avoid.

On one of our visits to the town we were admitted to a Moorish household. Four of us, including an English general and his wife, had been spending the morning in El-Djezair. A man upon whom the general attempted to practice Arabic had acted as a guide and had led us to his own home, which was like a rabbit burrow in a wall. The general remained with the guide, who held open the door that we might see to make our way up from the small entrance chamber by a tiny, winding stair in the wall, the steps of which had been almost obliterated. Above,

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in another diminutive apartment, with a ceiling too low to permit us to stand upright, was the home nest, where the entire family were clustered. Cooking was going on; and the heat and close air were intolerable, so we beat a hasty retreat, watched on our way by a tiny sprite of a girl, who was cuddled into a projecting, iron-barred window.

Discouraged, we dismissed our guide and went on through the town alone. A small, self-elected conductor appeared to warn us from one of the innumerable cul-de-sacs, telling us, "It only ends in an Arab house." "Well, but," we replied, "we might like to see the house." Whereupon he flew ahead out of sight, and we came upon him just as he dropped the knocker of one of those stately doors. Now we should see the Arabian Nights. We had reached the end, and the portal was opened by a woman, who herself kept out of sight. The boy explained that we wished to see the interior, and we women were eagerly welcomed; but a cry went up at sight of the general, who was obliged to remain outside. The household proved to be well-to-do; and, upon entering the court, we found the traditional four wives to greet us, each surrounded by her

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own brood of three or four. We dared not praise them, however—no greater harm could we do them than thus to attract the evil eye! The women were like sisters together. We wondered whether they, in the *ennui* of changeless lives, or we, in the mood for constant change, were more surprised and delighted with the visit. They were as interested in our clothes as we in theirs, examining the texture and marveling that we do not wear an extra number of coats on cold days. They themselves were charming in pretty house costumes. In the court the dinner was being cooked on one of their curious portable stoves. But the women hurried us to their own upper world. From the gallery they ushered us into one of their four apartments, the usual long narrow room. There were bright cushions, used as beds, across it, side by side down part of its length. Most important, however, was the object to which the women pointed with pride, and for which it was evident they had brought us there—a piano! They would not let us go till we had played for them. Meanwhile, the general stood without, with such patience as he could command. In this land where women are accounted so far below men, foreign

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women possess an advantage over their lords.

But we do not expect to be merely entertained. Where can one go among the people and not have one's heart ache through the feeling of common humanity. This is particularly the case in Algeria, where a race conformed to an alien civilization presents a constant and sometimes a painful incongruity. The humor of the situation seems a trifle grim, like that in the situation of the captives cut or stretched to fit the robber's bed. And still I think they sleep, deeper and deeper, trying to forget. The closer draw their prison walls, the closer their inner life is hid.

On the Friday following Rhamadan, we go to one of the two large Arab cemeteries. The men are at prayer in the city mosques; but the women are gathered here; and no man of their own or of any nationality, no man except the blind beggar, may come within the gates of the high walls. The Mohammedans believe that the spirits of the dead may return on that day of the week, and the women and their children go to keep them company.

The cemetery is full to overflowing with the dead. A small boy once told us that his mother could not be buried in the grave with

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his father, because the grave was "complet." When asked how many "complet" meant, he answered, quite as if speaking of a matter of course, "Trente."

The body of the adult Mohammedan is borne on the shoulders on a sort of bier, the carrying of which is sure to bring good luck, so that the bearers are continually changed on the way. Babies are carried on small cushions in the arms. Only men attend the burial, walking in irregular groups. The body is placed in the earth without any casket, half-sitting and facing the East. Mohammedans leave some one to stay beside the dead the first night, to repeat for the soul the responses to Asrayl, the archangel questioner, which the poor spirit may have forgotten.

Though the cemetery we visit is the principal one in use to-day, it is from a Christian standpoint an utterly neglected, unkempt and desolate acre. The stones, shaped like a head and shoulders, lean every way in the rank grass; the small cribs on the grave centers are half full of rain water. And grouped around each, almost sitting in the water where the graves are sunken, are the family parties—picnicking! Small boys go about with trays of Moorish candy for sale;

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and the women and children scatter orange peel and bits of cake, for they have come to spend the day and must lunch. Moreover it is the only outing good women ever have, and they must come in companies of relatives. The stages going out to the cemeteries are crowded with them.

Surely no more ghostly sight could be imagined than this cemetery full of grave-stones; more full of white-robed, hooded figures, with adjar off and great dark eyes beneath pale brows, eyes which are lovely even over the white veils. For as one sense is sharpened to take impressions when its owner is deprived of the others, so may one means of expression, like these dark eyes, be intensified. Theirs is a beauty not unknown in other lands, where it sometimes appears, especially among the peasantry, whose veil is ignorance. In every rank, it is the expression of what cannot otherwise be told, and is therefore an appeal, the witness to something deeper speaking through the individual life. Is it not essentially the woman beauty?

As we watch them, remembering that the men are at prayer, they bring to us in bodily form the images of haunting spiritual presences in the East. Are these indeed the

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suffering spirits of the race? At least they signify, in this place of death, the continuance of creative life.

Seven open graves we count as we pass out—it was five when we came before. Yet El-Djezair is a small city. We remember that it is the fasting month of Rhamadan, which has brought cruel suffering and death.

The Mohammedan year is divided into months of moons, which division slightly varies every year, the season of the fast. During Rhamadan, from sunrise to sunset the good Mohammedan may not touch so much as a drop of water. The penalty for any one caught taking wine was death. The law may no longer be enforced by this punishment, but fear of worse evils in the long after-journey still deters men.

That they are faithful we had various opportunities of learning. Among others, was the case of a young girl, ill with tuberculosis. A French woman whom we knew took her in, and by feeding her with the most nutritious food had succeeded in giving her a new start toward life. But Rhamadan came and the girl would fast with the rest. Then she pleaded to be allowed to make a pilgrimage to her old home. Through the help of



The Terraced City

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the good French lady, who realized that now it was all the poor child had left to desire, she was sent home, but returned to her friend, only in time to breathe her last. The girl died, pleading for a soothing medicine, but denied by her mother, who felt that it was necessary to know the exact moment of the soul's departure in order to pray for it. Thus does their religion help to make the Mohammedans stoical. The body and physical life are less to them than to us.

However, the rich do not suffer much in Rhamadan; they simply turn night into day and do but listen for the sunset gun. But the poor who are obliged to work by day—the drivers and those graceful hod-carriers working on the French buildings, feel it cruelly.

It would seem as if poverty among the natives in Algiers has not decreased since the change of government. Many a man has lost his all, and the children are still beggars, under Western modes of giving. Yet the land is rich, and almsgiving is a part of the Mohammedan religion. When wealthy Moors were here, the poor did not fare so badly, especially during Rhamadan. Though there were no organized charities, there was a spirit of brotherhood between all classes.

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Now many of the rich are gone; and another form of life, for which his nature was not made, has been forced upon the poor man. No wonder that when his fast falls in the winter he now calls it a "good Rhamadan." When it comes in the heat of an Algerian summer, the time when building is done for the following season, and when the sirocco blows like a blast from a furnace, withering all living things, while he may not have one drop of water to cool his tongue—it must be a purgatory to cleanse him of many sins.

Has it not always been true in history that an alien civilization destroys the life which did not grow to it, but is cut to fit it? Surely, as surely as the French building is destroying the Moorish architecture, the French life is supplanting the Oriental.

Does it matter? Is it not the natural course of events that what stands in the way of our civilization must go? How many civilizations have raised that plea! France merely intends to make over. Is there any deeper significance, a significance, perhaps, to the world, in her method of solving the problem of Algeria? Will that method be extended in time to Tunis and Morocco?

For the Moorish life is passing, is even now

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a vision which flits whitely through marble courts and arches where we are conscious of it. Beauty and poetry hide amid the papyrus of the ancient bathing fountains in those courts, which are the same as "the middle of the house" referred to in Hebrew scriptures, with their cedars of Lebanon for beams and their shades which remind us of the Psalmist's simile. The veiled figures which belong in them are cloaked in the seamless white garment.

A dreaminess rests upon the land; its people slumber deeper and still dream; and we, who would interpret the Dream of Ages, enter into the spell.

All is indeed asleep, the essence of the Orient a dream, an inner consciousness to be interpreted by the West.

But out at a country market, where a host of patriarchal Arabs congregate, as they do in a different and stated place on each day of the week, we are conscious of something else. Here are the tents, the cattle, and the sheep. Here are Laban and Jacob again. These are they still capable of waking to the cry of a prophet, "Thus saith the Lord!"

INTO THE PRESENT

INTO THE PRESENT

THERE is a drive of some ten miles westward from Algiers to a Trappist monastery. The way leads step by step through all the story of Algeria. We take the lower road, around the Cape Caxine, the western point of the crescent enclosing the bay of Algiers. And first above the still French cemeteries shines the church of the conquerors, the sailors' church, for the French must come by sea to Algeria. Notre Dame d'Afrique reminds us that Algiers is still the port, and there one may, perhaps, feel more of the religion of France than in the city cathedral where the army is represented, and where the presence of the troops gives the Sunday service a military character.

Notre Dame belongs to the days of that fervent worker in Africa, Archbishop Lavigerie. It stands so high on the end of the hills that from it one can see only the water at its foot—the square before it seems to overhang the sea. It is a weirdly windy

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place, where the self-stripped eucalyptus scourges itself and moans. On the edge of the open space is a catafalque, and there every Sunday is performed a strange service. People call it, "Blessing the Sea," a beautiful and impressive full funeral rite over that vast grave for all who have gone down in the sea during the week. There is a story that it was the outcome of a vow made by the Archbishop when he was caught in a storm on his way from Marseilles.

There is an inscription in Notre Dame d'Afrique, "Our Lady of Africa, pray for us and for the Mussulmans"; yet when we passed through the church we could not but wonder what was the effect of its images, its votive offerings of papier-maché limbs, upon two little Moorish girls who flitted through with us.

Nevertheless, the Mussulman has some respect for "revelations," of which he considers the Christians possess one. It is *no* faith which most disturbs or demoralizes him.

Our way leads through the suburb of the wealthier Hebrews—St. Eugene—which lies low and damp by the water. Beyond, the land is rugged, sometimes quite mountain-



Notre Dame d'Afrique

INTO THE PRESENT

ous, a succession of points and bays. The heights stand out, strange shapes and awesome lights and shades against a cloudless sky. The vines about their feet are protected by wind-breaks. On a jutting crag are two Turkish forts: that which is nearer the road, now used for customs; the other, out on the bare rocks where not even the asphodels will grace it, more rugged than ever in its ruins, was the residence of Horush Baba-Aroudj, the Turkish Corsair.

We pass Moorish houses and places named for Roman ruins, besides a genuine Roman quarry. Back in the hills is the Kabyle village of Bouzarea; and up on a rough hillside, a Megalithic grotto. There are no trees on the hill, and one climbs a narrow, winding trail at the direction of the driver, who sits below. What matter if, instead of prehistoric relics of the Bronze Age, investigation bring to light only an old tin can! The path continues to wind upward, until it leads one into a rough pass, where two worlds lie spread out below, a beautiful bay on either side, and mountains and vineyards. The grotto is declared authentic. There are many prehistoric monuments not far from Algiers, dolmens, cromlechs and

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excavations,—some said to be like those in other countries, and some quite distinctive.

So this one drive goes back through every chapter to the time before history was invented. On our return we shall reconstruct the French story which is behind the present situation.

We have gone around the peninsula on the east of which lies Algiers. Before us stretches Sidi-Feruch, a cape some thousand yards in length. “Sidi” signifies master or lord, a holy man. Legend has it that a Spaniard, landing here some centuries ago, found Sidi-Feruch asleep and bore him off to sell him as a slave. The wind was favorable and filled the sails; but the ship would not move. The Christian realized that this was a miracle, and was so impressed that he became a life-long friend to the holy man; and when they died, both were buried in one grave on the spot where they found each other. Not many years since, the bodies were discovered and brought to Staoueli. Was the legend a prophecy that Christians and Mussulmans should some day live together here? So often the Present reveals a deep truth hidden in the Past, to which in time we return, understanding the meaning of legend in its fulfillment.

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It was here at Sidi-Feruch that the French army landed to storm Algiers from above and behind while the fleet should attack it in front. Near Staoueli in the central plain of the peninsula of Algiers, the decisive battle was fought which wrested the Moorish land from its former Turkish conquerors.

On the spot where the struggle took place, the Trappist monastery stands, a seal upon the return of Roman Christianity to the shore whence it had been banished for more than a thousand years. Thus is the religious drama complete. Moreover, in the Christian Crusades in the East the predominating influence of the Franks had caused their name to be given by the Mohammedans to all Europeans. They were now in control of a Mohammedan land. Here in the wilderness the first mass was performed by the monks for the souls of the dead soldiers. But for hundreds of years before that, the ministry of self-sacrificing Catholic priests was almost the only solace of thousands of Christian captives. After the conquest, Archbishop Lavigerie, who should be the patron saint of Catholic Africa, established the religious influence of France.

Here then, at Staoueli, sixty years ago, the

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Trappist monks, originally driven from France and seeking rest in country after country, found a home. They begged from the French government some twenty-five hundred acres of worthless swamp land. The swamp is transformed into a fine farm garden; they have caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Above the great door of the monastery is the inscription, "Janua Coeli," and within the motto, "If it be sad to live at La Trappe, how sweet it is to die there!" Do they realize how their austerity is a product of the East? Outside the walls, in the open plain, is a close little grove of cypresses enfolding their cemetery; an oasis in the desert of life. The living monks never speak; they have already entered into the eternal silence. Nevertheless, lay brothers do the ceremonies for the guests. Around the walls of the lunch-room are cabinets with Catholic souvenirs and with geranium essence for sale.

The lunch itself is part of the interest of the visit. It is vegetarian, cooked in olive oil; and the wine is the specialty of the monastery. Here the ordinary wine is almost as rich and pure as the unfermented grape juice used in sacrament, and the eucalyptus

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cordial has made the place famous. Men are taken to see the great wine cellars and the whole establishment; but women are not admitted beyond the lunch-room, even to the grounds; and we are left to amuse ourselves outside the walls and the "Gate of Heaven."

A lay brother makes an interesting statement to one of our escort. In spite of their labor in creating this farm, the Trappists in their possession now feel insecure. It is no wonder. All the world is watching with interest the struggle between the French government and the Church. Over on the eastern end of the Sahel, at Koubba, so named from the Arabic word for the tomb which nestles there, was a seminary where priests were trained and where the present Archbishop had apartments. The beautiful buildings, a great cloister surrounding a church, are a landmark from Algiers. From the flat roofs, used by the monks as their exercising ground, is a glorious view extending on one side to the sea; on the other, to the Atlas Mountains. These buildings were to be taken from the priests and turned into barracks; and the monks were to take refuge in England.

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Our road home from Staoueli is the road of the victorious French army. It leads across the sunlit plain. Peaceful agricultural country sleeps now and dreams where tempests passed. It is French cultivation of the southern Moorish land.

Wonderful richness of soil combines with the absence of all cold. Of some vegetables there are three and four crops in a year. Geraniums are seven feet high; syringa blossoms large as our own wild roses; and the roses themselves no words can describe. Farther back are plantations of the great white flowers from which the attar of rose is made.

This coast was once the granary of southern Europe. And the Arabs, though they are not skilled in agriculture, still keep some of the old ideas of its sacredness. They consider the making of a plow a deed of piety; the theft of one, a sacrilege.

But it is the French intelligence and infinite pains which have revived the fields of Algeria. Frenchmen have drained the deadly marshes, fatal to unacclimated lives—so fatal to many of their numbers that in true French spirit they named an early settlement in the plain behind the hills, “La Cimetière.” They

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have planted the fever-warding, fever-smiting eucalyptus; and the labor of their hands, their smiling fields and vineyards, are protected from diseases from without by wise and stringent laws.

So we knew the careful spirit living in the fields and woods.

There are groves of the eucalypti, lids lifting from the white cups of their blossoms to free the circlets of pale golden life within; there are feathery pines and graceful palms, and the southern cypresses. One loves best of all the cypresses. They guard the entrance to each villa, and stand sentinel where the loved are laid away, their tall spires giving point and meaning to a country otherwise almost too fair.

On the uplands the hedges are of aloes, soft and dreamy in hue, but deadly as a row of bayonets; and everywhere the giant cacti grow. Not far away is a Kabyle village, built in the ruins of a Roman town, the whole hidden away in a ravine and so completely covered with the cacti that only the barking of a dog or the braying of a donkey reveals its whereabouts.

The fields through which we passed are peopled with Marguerites and Jacks-in-the-

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Pulpit; and, like upturned roots amid the myriad marigolds, is the treasure of Algeria. "In this predestined plot of earth—the vine had cast a fiber." Its grapes represent and are the essence of the richness and the sunshine of the land.

Truly, Algeria seems a garden where man need scarcely toil.

Just before we reach Mustapha, at El-Biar, the winter residence of a colony of English and of various consuls, we find the villa where the surrender of Algiers was concluded, and the Oriental government ceased to be.

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WHAT has been the latest chapter of the story, and what are the methods of France? The French soldiers found treasure in the Kasba, France found a great province. It has been often said that the French are not a colonizing people. They were totally unprepared for the task of governing Algeria. Consequently the country was under military rule for nearly half a century; and the questions it presented have cost France more lives than were lost in our own Revolution. Moreover, the French were busy with upheavals in Europe; and more than once it was proposed to give up the new possession. But empires were being formed; what country once holding such a prize, such a share of the earth's territory, ever has voluntarily let go? France has retained Algeria.

Soon after the French took the country great numbers of the better class of Moors emigrated from Algiers. Their beautiful

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villas and those of the banished Turks became the property of the French officers; as did others confiscated after the insurrections. This explains how our own villa occupation came about. The officers were unable to maintain such estates, and they changed hands for a song. Some have become residences; others, hotels; while the summer palace of Hussein Dey by the water is now a tobacco warehouse. The great palace and garden of the Deys in the city was destroyed to make the Place du Gouvernement, in spite of the earnest pleading of M. Berbrugger, the conservator of the Musée. Numberless fountains were sold and destroyed. We are informed that some four hundred mosques in Algeria have been demolished, some having previously been used by the French as warehouses or barracks. The site of one, next to the Governor's residence in the old palace of Hassan, is occupied by the Catholic cathedral, containing material from the mosque. Col. Playfair remarks, "The exterior is . . . a very unsuccessful attempt to combine Moorish with Christian architecture. . . . The pulpit is the Mimbar of the original Mosque spoilt by French millinery." Might not this use of the Moorish building

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seem to the people a crowning cause of feeling?

At first the French soldiers had much to suffer in conquering this country; therefore such violation of the feelings of the Algerines often seemed necessary to provide the conquerors with shelter or with proper sanitation. But the present destruction appears wanton.

A fine European city is being constructed upon El-Djezair. What a mockery that surely, remorselessly, against the protest of some of her own people, art-loving France has been destroying forever the exquisite Oriental art of the old city. Moreover, those mosques which remain in Algiers may be entered freely by Christians. Small wonder that the Semitic subjects, whose unpractical life is faith or nothing, though at first inclined to welcome the change of masters, have listened to the voices of prophets rising among them, as prophets have risen and been listened to among these people from the beginning of history, and have revolted against their conquerors of an alien faith, or, still worse, no faith at all.

All the world knows of Abd-el-Kader. Marshal Soult called him one of the only

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three great men who were then living, all being Mohammedans. The others were Mohammed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and Schamyl.

Abd-el-Kader was a descendant of the Prophet, and his own father was celebrated over all North Africa for piety and charity.

He himself was taken on two pilgrimages to Mecca, and visited Bagdad. By the time he was twenty-four he was hailed as Sultan by certain warlike tribes in the west of Algeria.

His supremacy had evolved quite naturally out of the existing condition of things.

When the French took Algiers and the Turkish repression was released, the Arab tribes immediately fell into anarchy. Out of the chaos rose one cry—the cry for a ruler of their own religion. The people of Tlemçen sent to Morocco, begging the ruler there that a prince of his family might be made their Sultan. But the French checked this first patriotic move—if that may be called patriotism which is for a religion rather than for a country—by diplomatic measures. Nevertheless, they could not prevent the rising insurrection. Abd-el-Kader's father was asked to be Sultan. He refused on account of age; but took command of troops to harass



The Trappist Monastery

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the advancing frontier of the French in Oran. Abd-el-Kader's strong qualities began to be revealed and to develop. He was finally proclaimed Sultan and commenced at once to preach the holy war against the infidel.

In the first encounter "he proved his own earnestness, and sealed, as it were, the covenant with the blood of his family, his nephew having been killed by the French." After a series of encounters the French made overtures of peace; and in February, 1834, General Desmichels and Abd-el-Kader made a treaty, "in which the position of the Emir was distinctly recognized, but no recognition on his part of the sovereignty of France was even implied. . . . Each of the contracting parties drew up a paper of conditions, which was signed by the opposite party; and it was only the French paper, signed by the Emir, which received the ratification of Louis Philippe. This was, however, unknown to Abd-el-Kader, who believed that his terms were as binding on the French as their terms were on him."

The Emir now felt free to organize his own government; and "in a short time he was undisputed master of the entire province

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of Oran, which he held not so much by his sword as by the love and admiration of all those wise enough to prefer order to anarchy.”*

Tribes in the other provinces began to look to him. A delegation came from Medeah to beg him to assume the government of Titeri; upon which he placed governors or Khalifas in Medeah and Milianah.

Governor-General D'Erlon now sent a mission to him in Medeah, bringing presents and offering to substitute another treaty for that of General Desmichels. “The Emir suddenly resolved to return to Maskara, and induced the French mission to return in his suite, which produced an immense effect in his favor among the Arab tribes. Immediately on his arrival there he dismissed the mission with a statement of the conditions on which he would consent to treat with the Governor-General, which were in effect a mere revival of those in the Desmichels treaty.”

An amusing story is told of an interview between Abd-el-Kader and a French general, which also serves to illustrate the difficulty of a mutual understanding. Both leaders sat informally upon the grass during the

* Sir Lambert Playfair.

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discussion. At the close of the interview the Frenchman stood, but Abd-el-Kader remained upon the ground. Chagrined, the general quickly put out his hand and raised him. Said the Frenchman, "I forced him to rise!" Said Abd-el-Kader, "I forced him to do me a service!"

Hostilities soon commenced again, upon the Emir's considering that existing conventions had been broken. In the treaty of the Tafna which followed, May 30, 1837, France was obliged to yield to the Emir nearly the whole of the province of Oran and two-thirds of that of Algiers.

As Col. Playfair remarks, "This state of things could not last long." After the French had taken Constantine, a dispute arose concerning the boundaries of the Metidja plain; and this, with the advance of the French army, was considered by the Emir a breach of the treaty. "The French were nothing loth to extricate themselves from a position which had become exceedingly inconvenient, and on their part commenced offensive operations.

"Once more Abd-el-Kader raised the standard of a holy war, and massacres of Europeans took place throughout Algeria. In return the French generals extended their con-

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quests on every side." Abd-el-Kader lost point after point. Towns on which he had depended were destroyed, until he was hunted through the country and, his camp being finally taken, was driven to Morocco in 1843. His attacks from there brought the Sultan into trouble with the French, so that Abd-el-Kader lost his refuge. "He did not on this account relinquish his endeavors to harass the invaders of his native country," until, deserted by his adherents, "he was driven from mountain to mountain, showing to the last an indomitable courage. Surrounded on every side by enemies, and with numbers reduced to his mere personal following, he gave himself up on December 21, 1847."

Thus ended one heroic struggle; but the efforts of the natives to throw off the yoke of the French government did not cease. The disturbances in France in 1848 encouraged them to new attempts, which were put down by "timely severities." Kabylia, never subject, even to the Turks, held out the longest. Unspeakable cruelty, as well as great devotion, marked the French expeditions against it. Has it not been truly said that war with a less civilized people must degenerate to the less civilized plane and lower?

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The last great leader of an insurrection was not, like the rest, a holy man, but one of the Bach-Aghas, El-Mokrani. Our frontispiece is a photograph of one of his descendants, who is now a merchant, but who is still distinguished by an invitation to the Governor's ball. Mokrani had been fêted by the French generals, was responsible to the Government, and had its confidence, to all of which he was keenly sensitive. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War he had given his word to Acting Governor-General Durrieu, that he would be faithful to France so long as she should be at war. With Oriental honor, he waited until the trouble between France and Germany was over, during which, if he had struck, his blow might have been effective, for the French soldiers—even most of the seasoned officers of the Bureaux Arabes—had been recalled from Algeria; waited then until he had resigned his position, returned his Cross of the Legion of Honor, sent a declaration of war and given two days of grace—before he led his troops to face the returned French army.

But the Arabs, though fighting with an intense individual ferocity and with the reckless abandon of a faith which holds death in

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a holy war to be desired above all else, are by nature incapable of Western discipline. The fire of their lives is naught against the fire of unflinching, unimpassioned iron cannon. When Mokrani saw that his cause was hopeless, dismounting from his horse, he walked in front of his men and met death, falling on his face before his conquerors.

Kabylia of the Djurdjura played a strong part in this last important insurrection. Her Berber people, the prehistoric, earliest known inhabitants of Algeria, from their mountain villages had been the watchers of all history, had seen the epochs pass beneath them, had beheld every wave of invasion break at their feet; while, though receiving strangers into their refuge, they had never bowed the head, never once lowered that standard of independence, which they held so far aloft amid the snows.

It might be said that independence is to this Hamitic people what faith is to the Semitic race—the first essential. All their institutions reveal this. When there is danger or invasion, a number of their young men form a society called Imessebelen, to give their lives to protect the freedom of their land. Before they go, the prayers for the

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dead are read over them. They cannot return unless victorious. Those who are killed are buried in a field apart, which becomes sanctified by their presence as a place of prayer for all time, a spot peculiarly sacred. But if one of them escapes without honor, he and all his family are forever outcasts.

The Kabyle institutes had been democratic from earliest days. Each village possessed entire freedom of action. "In the village the power lay in the hands of all; the assembly met once a week, and was composed of all men capable of bearing arms. It deliberated under the presidency of an Amin, elected every year by itself; it took cognizance of all questions, was sovereign judge, and enforced its own decisions"—a democracy having its only counterpart at present in the fundamental Russian commune, with the difference that the Kabyle democracy did not exist under a bureaucracy.

When in 1857 after a terrific struggle, Kabylia at last bowed her head to the yoke, France promised to respect her institutions. But after the insurrection of 1871 the French felt themselves released from the promise. They broke the ancient organization, ap-

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pointed the Amins instead of allowing them to be elected by the people; and, moreover, instituted French tribunals, not only between Europeans and natives, but between the natives themselves.

“This,” remarks a fair-minded but presumably imperialistic Englishman, “greatly restricts the liberty which the Kabyles have hitherto enjoyed and lately so much abused (by insurrection), but it will greatly prepare the way for opening out their magnificent country to European colonization.”

Poor Kabyles! Is it against a similar fate that their brethren in Morocco are still struggling?

After each insurrection France has acquired more territory and a firmer reign.

With an abstract justice she administers the law; and with absolute equality, educates Hebrew, French and Moorish boys together. Her own soldiers fraternize with Negro conscripts. The natural heads of tribes are the local rulers; and Algeria has now her own French Governor-General. In him is centered the management of the two main departments of the government: the civil and the military.

That part of each of the three provinces—

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Oran, Algiers and Constantine—which is under civil authority, is governed by a prefect, who, however, is under the control of the Governor-General. Each of these three divisions sends a senator and a representative to the National Assembly.

A council composed of the chief civil and military authorities of Algeria advise the Governor-General. Each province also has its general council, from which all Europeans except the French have been excluded. That portion of the country where there is no European population is under military rule. "The purely native portion of the colony can only be governed by military authority."

There is therefore also a general for each of the three provinces. He administers that portion which is under military law; below him generals of brigade command sub-divisions; and under each general of brigade, commandants supérieurs have absolute control over circles.

Parallel with this organization and corresponding to it point for point, is another, but slightly comprehended by outsiders, though well known by name: the Bureaux Arabes, composed of officers long trained in Algeria, who interpret between the commandants and

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the natives. The Governor-General has his Bureau Politique for the whole colony; the general of each province has a Direction Provinciale for the province, while any native affairs to be referred he submits to the Bureau Politique; the general of brigade has his Bureau Territorial; and the commandant supérieur has his Bureau Arab of the circle. This last, under the commandant, actually comes in contact with the natives: "controls the Arab chiefs in the exercise of their functions," judges, taxes, collects revenue, keeps a keen eye upon the politics of the district; schools the Arabs, advises the commandant, keeps the peace, and crushes the first signs of revolt.

When the army is on the march a Bureau Arab goes with it and commands the native levies.

A splendidly organized system: all civil and military departments and Bureaux Arabes centering in the Governor-General and coming down from him—nay, more—the motive of government comes from Paris.

An occasional flash in the eyes of the subjects, an occasional casting aside of the cloak of reserve, is all that reveals how, underneath their impassive calm politeness, the people

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wear a triple chain of feeling: the inevitable feeling of conquered against conqueror, the race antipathy, the religious antagonism.

We remember Notre Dame d'Afrique with its inscription, "Pray for us and for the Mussulmans." But Archbishop Lavigerie is no more; and the spirit seems gone from many of the forms which he inaugurated. Moreover, into Algeria from France, as we have seen, has surged the internal strife of the French government with its own French church.

With regard to the Hebrews, we have heard how the pedestal of that statue in the Place du Gouvernement was pasted over this winter with red posters in French, announcing that it was now six years since M——, an honest man and a good citizen, had been assassinated by the Jews, that the government had done nothing and it was time for the people to rise up for revenge. Yet the Jews are a most peaceable people. These placards were allowed to remain for days. At times the hostile feeling has amounted almost to persecution. "L'Anti Juif" is a paper still cried daily and lustily on the streets, while the Middle Ages startle us in "A bas les Juifs!" on country gates.

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This is race antipathy rather than religious antagonism. In either case, the French government would not if it could to-day, and could not in this age of liberty, attempt to change the religion of its subjects; indeed, it endeavored in the beginning to restrain the missionaries from interference. This desire on the part of the French government not to allow the religion of the people to be touched was prompted by diplomatic justice; the attacks of the French missionaries upon the people's creed were prompted by love—surely good motives both. The missionaries' opportunity came and was worked out in a somewhat idyllic way.

Thirty years ago there was a famine. Archbishop Lavigerie rescued Arab children who were starving, and built orphanages for them. This gaining possession of the children was the first step, the first successful French opposition to the policy of the French government. To-day boys in one home, near Maison Carrée, under the care of priests; and girls in another, watched over by sisters, are taught the methods of that once sacred art of agriculture. As they grow up the girls are married to the boys, according to the French principle.

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The result is two prosperous little Christian villages.

Next to the Catholic work with the children, we heard of the Protestant work with women. The primitive position of woman is naturally the darkest shadow in the East to Western and Christian eyes. Perhaps Oriental women respond more readily to missionary efforts than do the men, because the women's share in the forms and blessings of the Mohammedan religion is less, and their position through this religion is inferior. The missionary work is done by women, who because of their sex have access to Arab homes. The husbands and fathers appear not much concerned, for the value of women's souls is small. But a radical difficulty is soon encountered. When a native woman is converted, and lays aside any of her customs, or the veil which, according to the social and religious code of Mohammedanism, should shield her from men's eyes, no Arab man will have her as his wife. She becomes an outcast from her own people, and has no probability of marriage with any man of an alien race. In this land there is no place for independent women, especially of the Semitic blood; the lot of French women

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who stand alone in France itself is hard enough.

More efforts now are being made to reach the men.

An English woman missionary who worked for twenty years among the Kabyles of the Constantine district admitted that few efforts were or could be made to better the material condition of the women. Among other attempts she had tried to teach the girls sewing. Curiously enough, it is the men who are the sewers in Algeria, and who make their own garments. Hoping to give the women an added power and thus a greater value, and to persuade the fathers to allow their daughters to attend her school, the good missionary offered to teach the women sewing; and, as an inducement, told the men how much time they would be saved. This idea seemed to please the men, who sent in orders so generously and imperatively that missionaries and women were obliged to work day and night to satisfy demands.* It

*All this appears quite different from the well organized English and American missionary work in Egypt, where, at least from among the English, men are sent to prepare the way for the coming of the women missionaries, and efforts are directed through college graduates to reach the highest class of native men and to awake in them the desire for a better education for their women. Such a desire alone can be the root of any permanent, honest betterment for women or for men.



Women

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might have proved only an extra burden; but mercifully the men were not satisfied, and, concluding they could do it better themselves, returned to it.

In Algiers, poverty has brought an evil worse than polygamy, which in early days served the necessary purpose of quickly populating the countries, and which survives in the doctrines of El-Islam. Indeed, all the laws of the Mohammedans proceed from their religion; being either permitted survivals of old usages, or omissions and commissions prescribed by Mohammed.

Yet that the Arabs are capable of true love, Mr. Lane has clearly proved, even against Dr. Burckhardt, in his notes to the Arabian Nights, and the intense Semitic nature would imply it. That they are capable of friendship we saw daily.

How much influence can we expect Europeans to have upon their customs?

We have watched Zaza in the theater of Algiers; and wondered, as we looked at the stately, impassive figures of Moorish grandees, what, from their different standpoint, could be their impression of the play. Impossible incongruities! When the West shall have developed to meet and practice the best and

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simplest teachings which have come from the East, and which we, in our superior morality, profess now to hold—then—the West may help the present Orient.*

Where the government has interfered with regard to the treatment of women in Algeria, the interference has sometimes been provocative of curious results, as the following story illustrates. A rich Arab of the interior had a wife whom he adored. Starting on a journey he bade her an affectionate farewell. Unexpectedly he returned, seized the unfortunate woman who came forward to greet him, bound her and taking her out, beat her furiously in the presence of his neighbors. They cried out at him, inquiring what she had

* We once asked a Christian Syrian in Egypt: "Do not high-class Mohammedans go to Europe to study, and how is it possible that they do not learn the high regard in which our women are held?"

He shook his head. "Where do they go?" he said. "To Paris"—for even in Egypt French influence is strong. "How do they learn," he continued, "in Paris, that your unveiled women are good?"

Elaborating still further, he declared that in the first place the preconceived idea of Mohammedans concerning women was the primary cause of their not learning better; since good homes in France or England could not be opened to men who regarded women in such a light. He explained that for his own family, whose women were unveiled, he was obliged to be even more particular than the Khedive, whose wife indeed was not seen, or than Lord Cromer, whose official position forced him to receive objectionable men not only from among Mussulmans, but from Europeans; while he, a Syrian Christian, could only receive the most learned of the Mussulmans in his home.

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done, the pearl of all women! When his rage had been somewhat appeased, he took breath to explain that upon entering a certain town, he found a man accused by his wife of beating her, and that the judge had pronounced a verdict against him. He himself had hastened home to assure himself that he was master in his own house, and had given his wife the beating as a revenge upon all women.

In our judgment of these people, which can never be quite fair from our opposite standard, we must remember that the Orientals feel no disgrace in corporal punishment. The French, forgetting the ascetic idea of the mortification of the flesh—which indeed came from the East—possess a standard of the dignity of humanity which serves to exalt the body. Consequently they attempted to substitute imprisonment as the legal punishment instead of flogging for certain offences of the men. They found, somewhat to their dismay, that their subjects consider the body, as they consider life itself, naught in comparison with the spirit—which attitude explains many things. The natives regarded the confinement as infinitely worse than the whippings, and they besought the magistrates to

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rechange the punishment. The French, seeing the futility of changing the Oriental form while the Oriental idea remains, have wisely left the Mohammedans of Algiers to their own mode, and all cases between them are decided by a native Cadi.

Nevertheless the French government is above all widespread and far-reaching to the native; and upon it he lays all blame for his misfortunes. It thus does him one good service in relieving him of the heaviest burden Western people ever bear—the burden of self-reproach. Not that he would, we fear, under any circumstances suffer deeply from the thought of what “might have been,” for he is in the first place excused from it by his religion of fatalism.

Our English general, who loves to practice his Arabic upon the natives, became in this way acquainted with a poor man who had his dwelling in the country. The acquaintance resulted in visits to the kind-hearted general at all hours of the day, and presents of child-like nosegays of wild-flowers or a dish of couscous cooked by the native’s wife. In return many a small gift found its way to the man’s wallet, and the affair culminated in a tea-party at the native’s for us all. One

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sunny, beautiful afternoon the Arab guided our small party over the hills and far away to a ledge on a rough hillside. Here was his farm—a strip of ground not more than three feet wide beside the path that led to his home in a corner of the rocks. It possessed the necessary court; for the corner enclosed two sides, and a cave made a nursery. The other two sides were formed by the women's and men's apartments: each a small low building, whitewashed outside, and containing one room, which opened only into the small central space. We entered by a narrow passage around the end of our hostess' wing; and we women were welcomed first and led into the women's side, ere the general was allowed to enter and be entertained by the host and the host's blind brother in their part of the house. As our hostesses, mother, grandmother and child, spoke no European language, we sat mute on the cushions of the beds, endeavoring to communicate by signs and smiles. The mother was extremely pretty, and wore rags of silk on her hair. She and the wizened grandmother, clothed in their white street costumes—probably the only whole garments they possessed,—sat frog-fashion on their feet on mats, and made coffee and honey-

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cakes over a brazier—of which eatables, or rather uneatables, we were obliged to partake. Our host appeared in the door occasionally to be sure we received our full share.

The point of the story is this: that our host declared himself a man of high birth whose family had lost all through the French; the logical sequence of which to his mind was that the French government owed him a living, and could not do too much for him. Did it not support in Algeria a great body of its own officials of every rank? He besought the English general, who because of his nationality and his rank must be all-powerful, to pay his taxes, give him a donkey, and intercede for him.

It is only too true that the departure of the rich Arabs from the city, the competition with Europeans, and the heavy taxes leave the poor natives very poor.

Even for the French colonist much may still be done.* France invades her colony

* Since the above was written this has come to me: "ALGIERS WANTS LOW FARES. Present rates far too high, declares Governor Jonnart. Special Cable to *The Inquirer*, Copyright, 1904, by the *New York Herald Company*. PARIS, DEC. 4.—M. Jonnart, Governor of Algiers, has issued a formidable indictment against the subventioned passenger service from



The Temple Court of the Fountain

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with an army of officials who cross the Mediterranean at reduced rates. The passengers who pay must pay for these also; so that the fare on the French line from Marseilles to Algiers is out of all proportion to steamship fares elsewhere. The French liners are the only ones allowed to dock without heavy dues, which is a distinct misfortune for travelers. Foreign enterprise is discouraged. But the better class from France and her successful people, unlike those of other nations, are unwilling to leave home. Commerce with other countries is lessened that the exports may go to France and benefit her. The vines of Algeria have taken to some extent the place of the ruined vines of France. The French government protects them from disease by the strictest laws, forbidding the importation of all plants, so that not even a humble potato may be brought into the land. But with the absence of winter, the moisture in the air and the rich soil, the production of wine, the chief export, is too great to pay.

Europe to Algiers, the chief abuse being the large proportion of passengers who obtain the benefit of official rates at a quarter less than the ordinary charge. The companies make it up from the other passengers, charging them \$25 for a twenty-four-hour trip and two bad boarding house meals.

"He says Algiers will never attain the position to which it is entitled as a winter resort till cheaper and more rapid and comfortable transportation is established."

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In spite of the marvelous vegetation, in spite of undeveloped mineral wealth, taxes and the French protective policy prevent full prosperity.

And yet—all these conditions help to preserve the Oriental character of Algiers, which France herself has done so much to destroy.

FOLLOWING THE STAR

FOLLOWING THE STAR

GRAVE questions these imperial ones in our age of liberty!—such questions as that of a people paying taxes against its will toward the support of an army to keep it up to a standard not its own. Here in Algeria France has her problem; but it is a problem similar to that of other nations, a part of one great question in the world's development. Not till we stand outside of Christendom in one of its colonies, do we realize for ourselves how small a proportion of time and space our civilization occupies. Its margin is greater than itself.

Here one makes comparison of the Orient with the Occident, of the subject nations with the present "Powers." Further, in Egypt, Tunis and Algiers one may compare the Oriental peoples: how much is due to differences of stock, how much to degrees and differences of controlling influences? As we study, we realize how similarities go back farther than differences; till we see in the

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East the birth of the Western nations, the origin of customs—notably the division of time—common to both Oriental and Occidental civilizations. Before us rises the one great question of the relation of the East and the West.

In considering this question in Algeria the distinction between the Moors and their former Turkish masters of Tartar blood must not be overlooked, and also the fact that the piracies carried on against the Christians were “Holy Wars.” Is not now the destruction of the mosques an insult hardly to be forgiven while the faith of the people lasts? And where their religious fervor has been weakened by forced change of practices, what have they gained in return?

It is unfortunate for Western people that most of their contact with Orientals is in petty bargaining—a most superficial contact and often wholly without understanding on the part of the Europeans, who therefore crudely condemn, or laugh at, what they call Arab dishonesty. Yet to the Arabs, getting bargains on their side is legitimate business. Western people do not mind paying less than a thing is worth; why should the Orientals be condemned for asking more? It is just a

FOLLOWING THE STAR

little matter of method. But bargaining is more enjoyable to the natives when it is a game which both sides understand.

Those who have experienced Oriental courtesy, so genuine and so much beyond our own;* and those who remember the honor of Mokrani, an honor above all practical considerations, feel the Oriental and especially the Arab life at its best. Its religion may not be directly interfered with by the French government; but with its mosques destroyed, its faith weakened, overpowered by a civilization into which it cannot enter and with which it cannot compete, its vital quality, that for which it exists in the world, is crushed; and only degradation is apparent, which in its turn calls forth the contempt of the strong conquerors.

The West is reason; the East is faith. The East needs the practicality and strength of the West; but does not the West need, perhaps even more, the dreams, the revelations which belong to the East? These revelations have come only to simple, childlike people, and, once lost in the intricacies of our civilization, are only to be re-attained through long suffering, when they shall at last be inter-

* See Kelly's "Egypt Painted and Described."

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preted and understood. The West must always need the ideality, the touch of a fire in its faith, which comes from the East. But there must be a common meeting ground of desire for good—not one side in authority over the other. This seems misunderstood by many, misunderstood by ruling nations.

France is perhaps, of all the countries of our civilization, the one least sympathetic toward the intense and extreme Semitic nature, which in the Hebrews has been called, “the most worldly and the most unworldly in the world.”

In this contact of the West and the East, with the West not only in control, but attempting from a far-off center with Western ideas of justice to make over the land from East to West, a situation is developed of greater difficulty than the situation in India has ever presented; for not only do the English respect the temples, but are not the Aryan Hindoos nearer in race than the Semitic Arabs are? Yet every Aryan country contains a portion, distinct it is true, of the Semitic race: that Eastern people which for almost two thousand years has known no home of its own, but, scattered through all the countries of the earth, has given its

FOLLOWING THE STAR

patriotism and life to the lands which harbor it. From this element have sprung many of the achievements of the West. More than all, the very religion of the Aryan nations, their deepest pulse, their heart, their bond of union, the mainspring of their development, has come from the same source. For in the fervor of its own youth the Aryan race adopted a new faith which had risen among these people, and adorned it with the brilliant images, the splendor which belongs to youth. But we, in the intellectual maturity of the Present, seem like to lose even that fervor which possessed our race when—though it did not indeed give birth to a religion—it received to itself one which had risen among another people. Our civilization, in its full-grown vigor and industry, finds difficult of understanding the unpractical dreamers of the East; finds yet more difficult the realization of the value of the dreams, and that from the Semitic race have sprung three of the greatest religions of the world, while Hebrews of the West are still advancing the world in moral teaching. Most difficult of all is the realization that one of those three religions is our own Christianity. For centuries Western people have thought they

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revered that simple Nazarene; have worshiped him and called him Elder Brother; and during most of this time they have persecuted his race, considering that it was their mission to do so because his own had not received him—unconscious perhaps for the most part that what they felt was the prejudice of race. The Hebrews in the West have become so much a part of the Western civilization, that we, when we say that Jesus was a Jew, have unconsciously taken comfort in the sense of a far-off age and customs which somehow allow us to bring him nearer. It is only when we see a Semitic people in their own surroundings and their patriarchal customs, that the gulf between him and us is revealed. How many Aryan Christians find it possible to look upon a group of these Arabs walking in the fields or upon one of the despised Oriental Hebrews and to say, "Our Jesus was as one of these"? Have they realized that the manhood by which they claim him is not as their manhood? He sprang, as did a long line before him, from a people whose life was different from ours; who were neither warriors nor builders, but whose psychic life often broke into pure flame and gave birth to a new prophet. Thus their history and develop-

FOLLOWING THE STAR

ment was written in fire from within—such a story as no other nation could write or ever can, yet typical of the development of all mankind from its earliest ideas. No doubt the court of Solomon was similar to that of other nations about him at their height—but they left no such record of theirs. And later, this lowly figure Jesus and his humble disciples went about the country—as we see the Arabs to-day—talking of their scriptures and drawing lessons from the country happenings, so great in their simplicity that the teaching was higher and deeper and purer than any the world has known, even from Greece or Rome—Rome, who was then in the height of her golden age, and scarcely heard of the poor teacher except as another who brought crowds together and might stir revolt. But he was humbler and more meek than any others; and it was only after his ignominious death that one Paul, a scholar from the higher class of the Hebrews, gave his teaching to the world, and laid down the early dogmas. Out of this simple Semitic life the genius of our Aryan race developed a great ideal full of color; and upon that Hebrew book which we call the Word of God, has built a most wonderful and elaborate organization. But

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when we see a Semitic people in their early mode of life, the Bible acquires a new meaning for us; its chief figure is no longer the battle god of the crusades—alas, of our own times!—its story is no longer the vague poetic ideal full of medieval color like our dreams of Heaven, but becomes very real and very white and at the same time infinitely farther from us; for the new reality makes its ideals more difficult of attainment. Not until we have overcome with that love which he taught shall we truly have accepted Jesus, the King of the Jews; whose “simple figure was the grandest which ever crossed the page of history”; who spoke from out the East the highest message ever given to the world; who was the divinest spirit in the Orient.

Yes, the West needs the East for a remembrance; and having cast aside all that is false, must move forward—not backward—toward those simple teachings, even applying them to its dealings with the subject, and sometimes decadent, Orient.

AWAY

AWAY

WE are far from Algiers to-day, with the blank of the waters about us. We sailed away in the evening, while the sky was a blaze of glorious color, against which stood the dome of Notre Dame d'Afrique on the side of the hill, and the graceful sails of the fishing-boats out in the bay. A dissolving pearl in the wine of the evening gold, a dream city to the last, Algiers faded into mist and moonlight with a halo from the sunset still behind her.

Yet Memory comes in her semblance, wearing as a veil her fragrant atmosphere. Still do we know in dreams the dream-gardens and the palaces, and tell over the story of love which haunts the deserted courts and fountains, where the papyrus grows.

Other scenes have made the memory clearer.

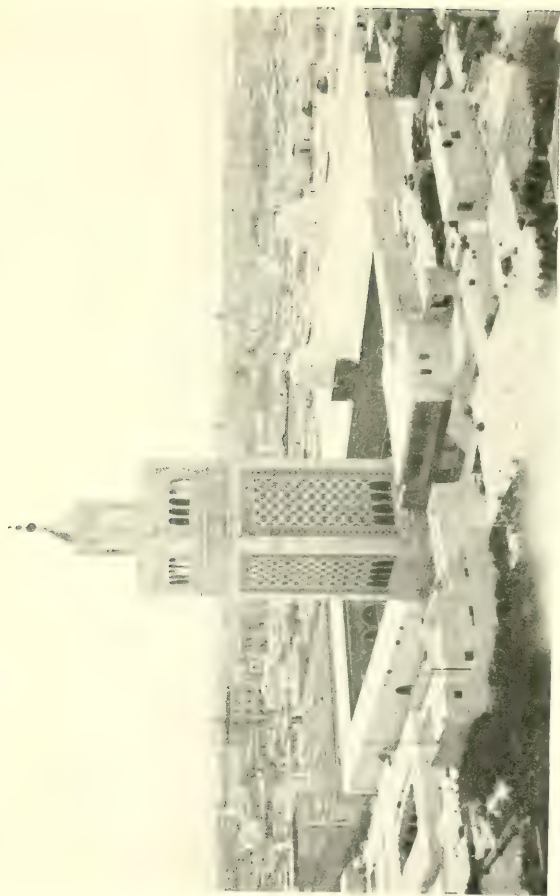
Along the historic shores of North Africa we passed, where Carthaginians and Romans sailed two thousand years before the Atlantic

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was crossed. Just beyond our vision lay Bona, city of St. Augustine and Boniface. And the Mediterranean was classically calm.

It had seemed to us the fitting finish to our stay in the Oriental city of Algiers, that we should set sail in a merchant vessel called the *Bagdad*, bound for Tunis and for Venice, that gateway of the East to the West. There is always something romantic connected with the idea of merchandise in the Orient. It signifies treasures from a far country and speaks of adventure, where the noblest do not hesitate to engage in trade.

By the second dawn we were before Tunis, the largest and most prosperous town on all the Barbary coast. We had skirted the side of the bay, so wide one can scarcely see the opposite mountains, passed the height of Carthage and the town of Goletta, erected from that city's ruins. Here we entered the long canal, built by the French straight through a salt lake to Tunis. Vessels which formerly discharged their cargoes at Goletta are now enabled to go direct to the capital. A land-locked harbor under process of construction at Bizerta will give the French one of the most important strategic points in the Mediterranean.



Tunis Aspires

AWAY

It was a curious approach to Tunis—very slow, that we might not stir up the water, which followed us along the sides. We were heralded by a flock of sailing boats which flitted down before us and tried our captain's nerves.

The city itself, with its many minarets, lay white in the morning sunlight. It is not nearly so beautiful as Algiers, for it is flat upon the sand, and lacks the stately arches of the arcades and of the ramparts, which conceal the steep cliffs at the foot of the latter city. Behind the open space about the docks lies the new French portion, with a wide Boulevard through the center leading to one of the gates of the Arab town, the *Porte de France*. The Boulevard is lined with trees and edged with fine shops, hotels, cafés, and a cathedral. The day was Sunday, and the sidewalks before the cafés were filled, while a gay throng passed through the streets.

We took a short drive through the Arab quarter—or three-quarters—where the houses are low and the streets are wider than in Algiers, with small open shops along each side. They are screened with fancy, bright-colored woodwork; and the merchant sits in the opening while the customers come on

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donkeys as in the "Arabian Nights," and sit outside to bargain, on little benches at right angles with the shop door. We came upon a group of Aissaoui, snake-charmers, in a circle of spectators which broke to give us a view. But the cobra made for the carriage and we departed hastily.

These Aissaoui are, among Mohammedans, what the Jesuits are among Catholics; and curiously enough, their name has the same derivation, "Aissa" being the Arabic for "Jesus"—but the person meant by the Mohammedans is a different one, with no claim to distinction, except as the founder of the sect. They are like a tribe, the "Children of Aissa," though drawn from many tribes. We found them in Algiers, and De Amicis speaks of their presence in Morocco. They are dervishes, who at times pursue regular callings or trades, but practice in the intervals all sorts of self-tortures with apparent impunity.

By a gate toward the sea we left the town and caught a glimpse of villas, stately houses built on the sand. But we were anxious first to see Carthage, that city of old. The hot, brilliant sunshine of midday lay over its modern little railway station when we reached it; and we drove over the hills to the ruins.

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There we stood upon the site of Carthage, the grave of a race which but for Rome might have peopled the earth, and made its civilization Semitic. Well did the Romans keep their threat of destruction, plowing over the rival city. Roman mosaic rests upon Punic ruins; but now Rome as well is swept away; and over her dust covered floors, wearing bright colors—flowers out of the earth and still earthy—float graceful sprites of Bedouin girls of the Semitic race. The fields in the country are white for the harvest, but all over the city the ground is red with the flowers of sleep. The Roman cisterns have become wells of forgetfulness; except for one which the French have rebuilt, where the water reflects the arches in long vistas of constant memory. We descended into a Roman amphitheater, now an unsightly opening in the ground, where the Saints Perpetué and Felicité were given to the lions. To-day in the midst of the arena rises the cross, serenely white.

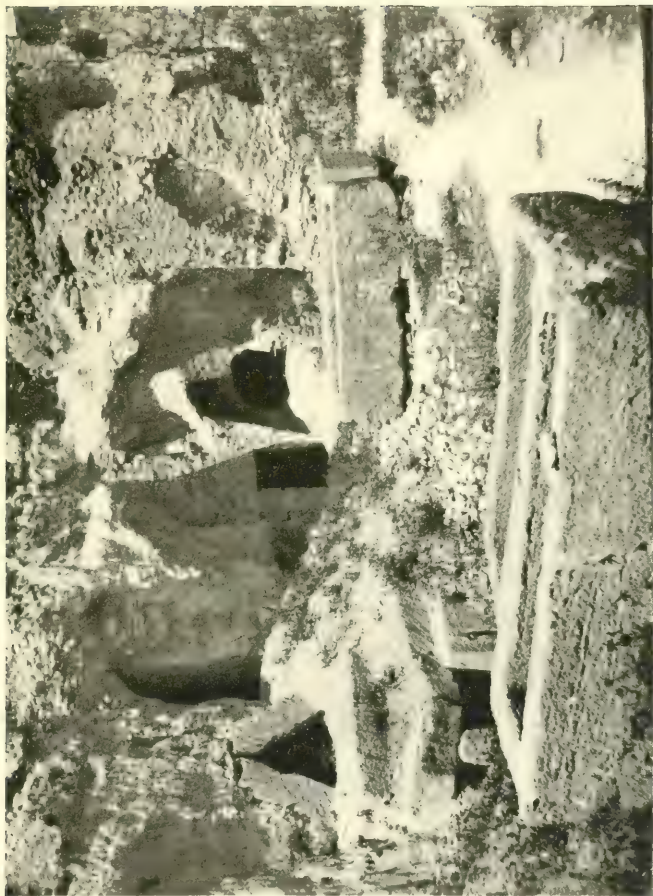
There was also a visit to the Punic cemetery, where the very bones of Carthaginians have been found. Chief of the relics discovered by those who are delving in the now dark past to bring Carthage to the light are

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the lamps of the people—their flame so long gone out: military lamps, funeral lamps with a coin in each for the passage across the Styx, Christian lamps for devotions to the Virgin.

Bronze is the only metal found here. There are coins of the Vandal period; and an Etruscan inscription, the only one known in Africa. There are tear-bottles long dry; and even petrified fruits among the cinders—the dates and figs of the country. On many bits of pottery eyes are painted. But the best of this partial resurrection is the sculpture, in which the Genius of the people still lives.

After visiting the ruins we had lunch in a restaurant overlooking the ancient harbor and the present summer palace of the Bey, with shadowy mountains across the water. Then we entered the Cathedral, where a Sunday service was in progress. This fine building is another reminder of Archbishop Lavigerie. There were White Brothers and White Sisters, the latter wearing Moorish headcovering. From the Cathedral we wandered down to the station, where during a long wait for the train we amused ourselves by taking pictures of some of the beggars, who infest this, as they do most Oriental lands. They came from Bedouin tents and huts of



The Graves of a Race which but for Rome might have Peopled the Earth

AWAY

the most wretched description, but it is remarkable how pretty some of the women and girls are. The old simile of the flowers from the mud continually recurs to us. They posed with their water-jugs and did not seem afraid of the camera, as were the people of Algiers. Perhaps they do not know it so well. They do not seem less strict in their religion; for here in Tunis Christians are not yet admitted to the mosques under any conditions.

The morning after our visit to ancient Carthage we went through modern Tunis, with a picturesque Biskran guide. We sat before one of the little shops in the Street of Perfumes to bargain for attar of rose; and we had coffee in the large rug bazaar of a rich Arab, who, true to the expression in the Arabian Nights, said he loved our guide "like a son." The bazaars form a fascinating maze of streets arched over, with the open fronts of the shops on each side between gay-colored pillars. Here is indeed the setting of the Arabian Nights. One passage is the Street of the Embroiderers; another, the Street of Silks; another, the Street of Fezes. Each shop in the Street of Fezes showed a different stage of the work; and in the silk

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bazaars we saw the handlooms, where the men were making the fabric for which Tunis is famous. Then we went up into the Palace of Justice, where the Bey comes every Monday to judge his people, afterward showing himself at the window to those in the market place below. The windows project, and there is a door in the sill, through which, if necessary, he can look down on those directly beneath. In this palace there is such fine open-work and mosaic as is no longer to be seen in Algiers. From the roof we looked over the whole of Tunis—the French city all gray, the Arab city white. There are only twenty thousand Europeans to one hundred and eighty thousand natives.

We were interested in many things beside the bazaars, which seemed characteristic: the genuine striped Saracenic arches; the stately minarets; and the costumes, quite different from those of the Algerines. None of the men wear the patriarchal haik with the camels' rope bound round the head. They have fezes and turbans, and the fezes carry long and splendid tassels down to the shoulders. There is also more tattooing here. The black face-cloths of the women are startling under their white shawls. Their

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clothes are more scanty, less dazzlingly white than the Algerines'. The Jewesses of Tunis are in native dress. On the top of the head is a black silk kerchief, surmounted by a long cone. The cones are of various shapes and sometimes covered with gilt ornaments. From the tip hangs the white haik. The faces are not covered, and some of them are handsome; but these Jewesses are probably the stoutest women and have the largest ankles of any women in the world. Tunisian people do not wear neat low shoes as do the Algerines, but slippers so much too small that the heel is under the instep, and the shoes seem always coming off—can it be an attempt to imitate French fashions?

On the boulevard we saw camels and, just outside the city, Bedouin tents.

The whole difference between Tunis and Algiers might be summed up as follows: In Algiers the Arab life is buried, the city belongs to the French and the French are destroying the Oriental to build a modern Western town. In Tunis the Arab life goes on in all its vigor, protected, not suppressed by the French, who may not destroy anything. Neither are there the oppressive taxes and heavy duties of Algiers. It is, therefore,

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much more prosperous, and appears so even in the French settlement. And yet, the Algerian Moorish life in passing seems most beautiful.

Ruin has well been called "the charm beyond perfection." It is the freeing of the spirit. And that moment while the spirit lingers is most exquisite of all. It is that period in Algeria now. The French conquest, while destroying and covering much, has caused the Oriental life to reveal its most spiritual loveliness.

At the same time the struggle and the grave responsibility of their position has brought into the highest places strong French officials. Among the Arab officers who remain in Algeria and in the European colony is a splendor and a refinement hardly existing in Tunis. Tunis is interesting for a short visit, but one could not live in it and love it as one loves Algiers.

When, next day, we had sailed out through the canal in the midst of the Lake of Tunis, and had skirted the height where once was the city of the Carthaginians, we watched that city fade into the Past. Thoughts thronged upon us, of all who had come and gone this way. How had Dido and the

AWAY

founders of Carthage chosen the place? Had they coasted around the great bay among its misty, mythical-looking mountains, exploring the land-locked lakes? And when Carthage had grown, what high hopes had set sail in the merchant vessels, as they danced over the blue waves going out; what joy had greeted homesick hearts when there came in view again that last headland, behind which the proud city lay; and what grim hate and envy had filled the Aryan Romans who beheld her, the rival who claimed against their capital the future of the world! And then what fires of patriotism had kindled in Carthaginian breasts—what bravery! Now the city—of Romans as well as of Carthaginians—is but a plain. Yet as we sailed away the light upon it gave it for us a semblance of its former, far-off glory.

Days passed on the blue sea, until, upon a certain dawn, our unobtrusive cargo steamer glided through the opening between long sand-bars into the lagoons of Venice. The sun rose slowly, touching the sleepy little fishing-boats, which shook their red and yellow sails. As if roused by these butterflies, beautiful Venice awoke, and broke through the mists, an accomplished reality.

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We had passed through the gateway from the East to the West. But we keep with us the dream of the star in the East, the star of revelation, which guided youthful Europe, and to which she will return.

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